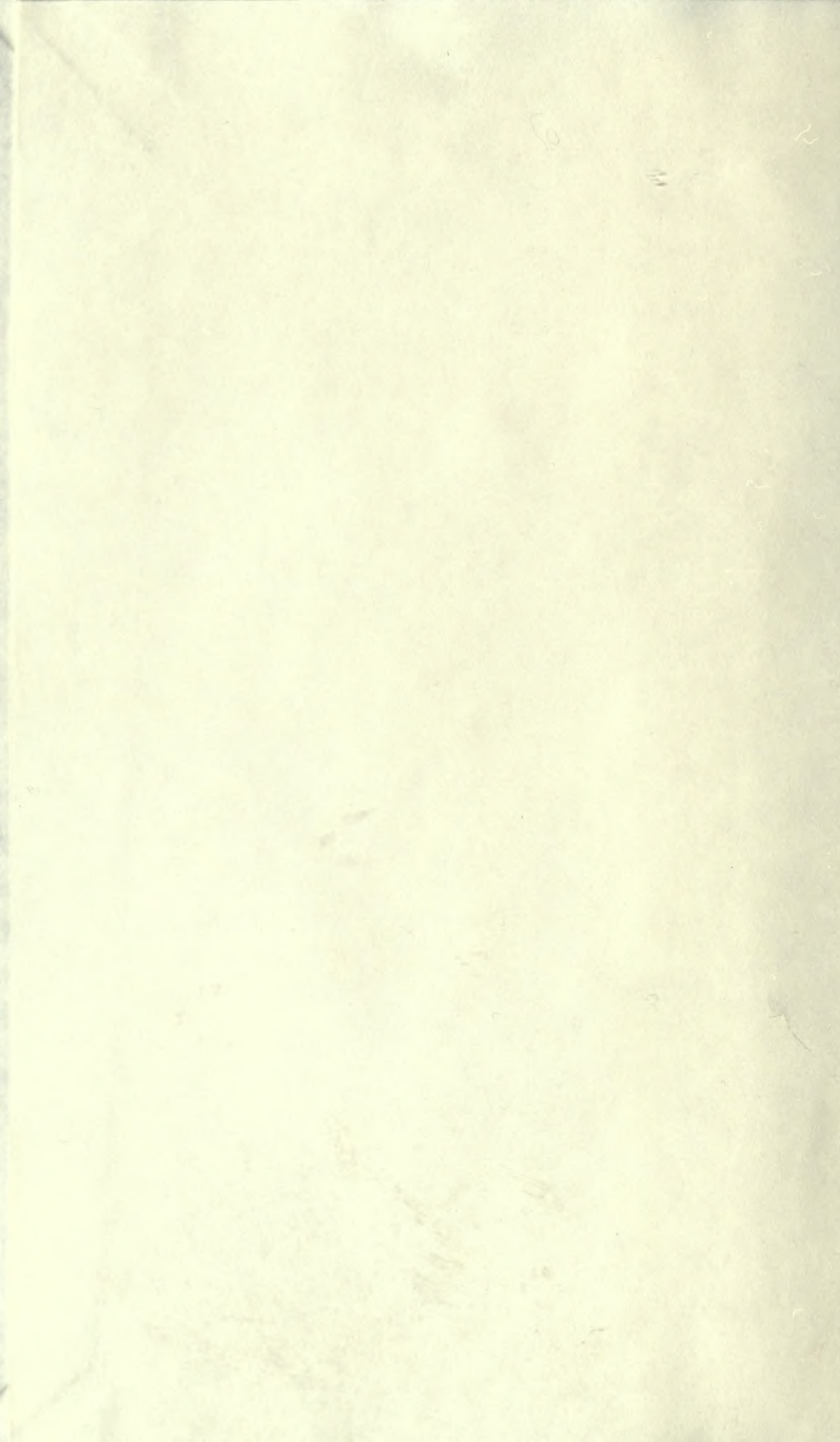
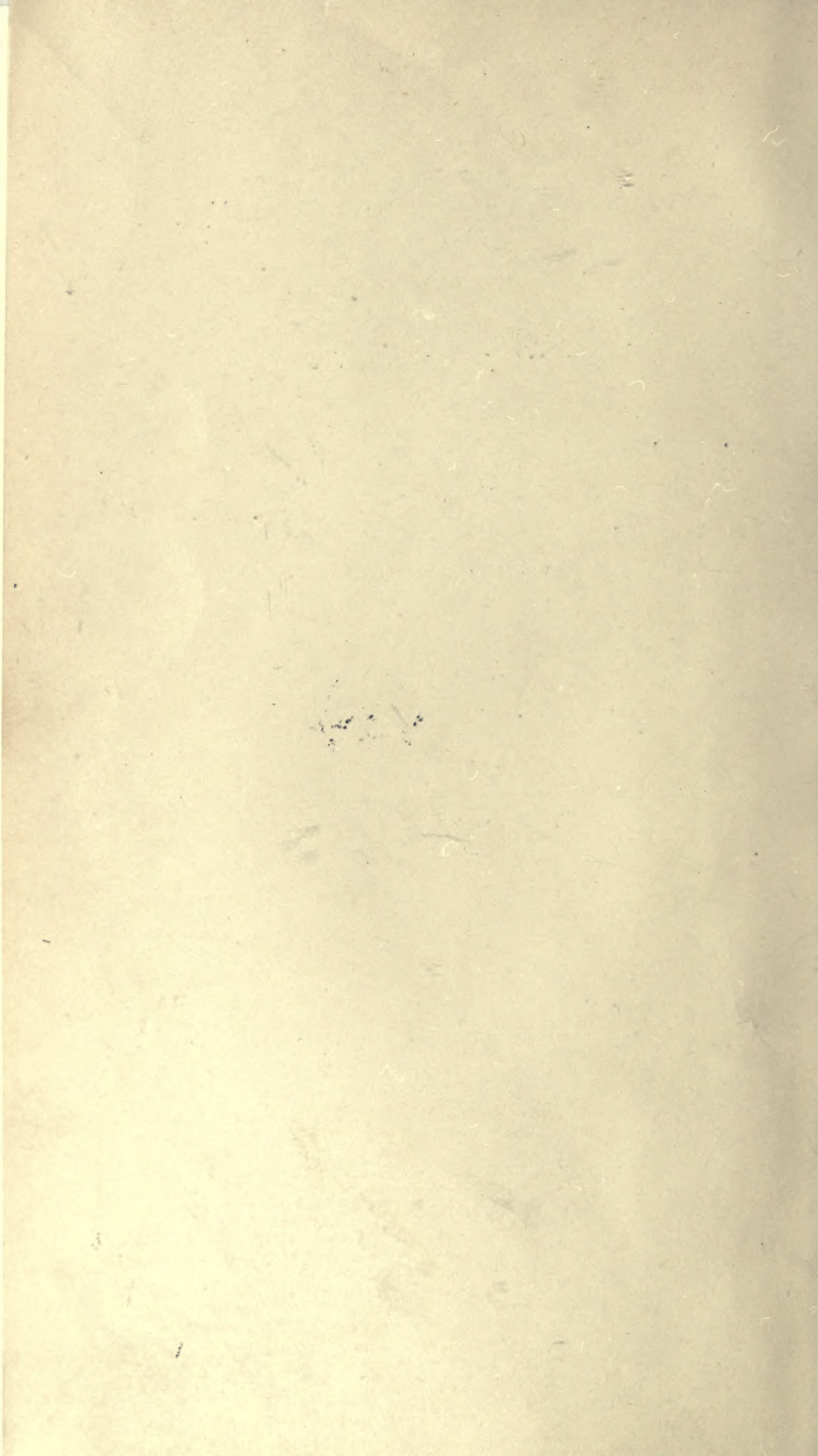




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Poem of the Cid



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Poem of the Cid

Translation

By

Archer M. Huntington, M. A.

Volume II



The Hispanic Society
of America

125145
20/11/12



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Dedicated
to the memory of
Collis Potter Huntington
with love and respect

He turned his head and, sorely weeping, gazed
Upon them. Saw the portals standing wide,
The lockless postern gates, the perches bare,
The missing furs, the mantles stripped away,
The falcons fled, and gone the hawks in mew.
He sighed, My Qid, for very grave his cares.
With moderation spake My Qid, and well:
“Lord Hather, thanks to Thee who art on high,
For this my evil foes upon me brought.”
They here bethink to drive the spurs, or there
The reins relax. From out Bivar the crow
They had to right; to left at Burgos’ gate.
My Qid his shoulders shrugged and raised his head:
“A guerdon, Albarfañez! Exiled we!”
My Qid Ruy Diaz entered Burgos town.
Within his band he sixty pennons bore.
The men and women rush to see him pass.
The men and women folk the windows crowd,
With streaming eyes, so very sad they were.
A single thought their mouths proclaimed: “Ah, God!
What worthy vassal, had he worthy lord!”
Though willing, ventured none to welcome him,
For deep the anger King Alfonso bore.
His mandate entered Burgos ere the night,
With great precaution brought and firmly sealed:
That none a shelter grant My Qid Ruy Diaz.

26 And whoso granteth, word of truth attend :
Possessions shall he forfeit, sight as well ;
Bereft of even soul and body stand.
On Christian folk a heavy sorrow fell ;
They shun My Qid, nor venture speech with him.
Directly sought the Campeador his house.
Arrived before the portal, found it fast,
In fear of King Alfonso ; thus they planned,
That never any open unto him,
If he endeavor not by force to break.
In accents loud My Qid's attendants call ;
Within they nought in answer would return.
Up spurred My Qid, before the portal came,
His foot from stirrup drew, a blow thereon.
Nor yields the door, for well it was secured.
A little maid of nine appeared in sight :
" Now, Campeador, in hour propitious thou
Hast girded sword. The king forbade ; this night
His mandate entered, circumspectly borne
And firmly sealed. To open dare we not ;
Nor yet, for aught, reception grant you, lest
Our wealth we lose, and homes and eyes beside.
By our misfortune, Qid, you nothing gain.
Creator guard with holy virtues all."
Thus spake the child and turned her toward her house.

50 The Quid perceives the royal favor lost.

He left the door, through Burgos onward spurred :

Santa Maria gained ; dismounting then

He knelt and offered prayer in heartfelt guise.

The prayer accomplished, mounted once again,

The portal passed and camped by Arlanzon :

That town beside, within the strand, encamped.

He fixed the tent, dismounted thereupon.

My Quid Ruy Diaz, he who girded sword

In hour propitious, when, within their homes,

Not any welcomed, camped upon the strand ;

Around about him goodly company.

As though amid the wilds My Quid encamped.

It was forbid that any food soe'er

He buy within the walls of Burgos town.

The least dinero's worth they dare not sell.

65 That all-accomplished Martin Antolinez,

The man of Burgos, did supply My Quid

And all his followers with bread and wine ;

At hand he had it, nought he buys of it.

With all provisions well he furnished them.

Contented was My Quid the Campeador,

And all the rest who service render him.

Spake Martin Antolinez ; hear his words :

“ Now, Campeador, in hour propitious born,

This night we pass, with morn departing hence,

For shall I stand accused of serving you ;

24 Beneath the King Alfonso's anger fall.

If I alive and well escape with you,

The king my friendship soon or late will seek.

If not, what's left I value not a fig."

My Quid, who sword in hour propitious girt,

Outspake: "Thou, Martin Antolinez, art

A valiant lance. An I survive, your pay

I'll double. Gold and silver all is spent;

Thou seest clearly money have I none,

And yet for all my men 'twere needed sore.

I must by force, for nought were freely mine.

With your assistance would I fain construct

Two chests, with sand we'll fill to give them weight,

With leather bound, and firmly held with nails;

The leather red, and gilded well the nails.

Rachel and Vidas seek me out in haste:

In Burgos purchase was forbidden me;

The king, moreover, is displeas'd with me.

The wealth I cannot take, for great its weight,

And needs in pledge for fitting sum must leave.

That Christians see not, let them take by night;

Creator view the thing with all his saints!

I can no more, and this unwillingly."

Brooks Martin Antolinez no delay;

Rachel and Vidas sought in eager haste.

Through Burgos rode, within the castle passed.

Rachel and Vidas sought in eager haste.

100 Rachel and Vidas were together found,
Their moneys counting, profits gained by them.
With shrewdness Martin Antolinez came :
"Rachel and Vidas, friends beloved of mine,
Where are ye? Both in secret speech I seek."
Delay they not; the three apart withdrew :
"Rachel and Vidas, give me, both, your hands
That not to Moor or Christian ye betray.
I will enrich, that want ye never know.
The Campeador for tribute made a march ;
The gains he took were rich and plentiful.
Of this a goodly part he hath retained,
And thence his accusation came to him.
The king, ye now perceive, is wroth with him.
The palace, house and heritage hath left.
Two coffers filled with purest gold are his.
These, undiscovered, may he not remove ;
The Campeador within your hands would leave.
Thereon advance him just equivalent.
Receive the chests ; within your safeguard place.
Set both thereon your faith with mighty oath
Ye will not look upon them all this year."
Rachel and Vidas counsel took of each :
"Some profit needs we must in all retain.

124 Full well we know a goodly sum he gained,
A fortune great in Moorish lands acquired.
Who holdeth coin, distrust attends his sleep.
These coffers let us take and hide them both
Where may they lie from all discovery safe.
But let us hear what sum will please the Qid,
What profit will he grant for all this year?"
With shrewdness Martin Antolinez spake:
"My Qid were satisfied with what were just;
To leave his wealth in safety little asks.
They seek him, men from every side in want.
Six hundred marks were needful unto him."
Rachel and Vidas said: "We gladly grant it."
The other: "Look, night comes, the Qid is pressed;
And great our need that ye bestow the marks."
Rachel and Vidas said: "Not so is trade,
But taking first, then giving." "That to me
Is pleasing," Martin Antolinez said.
"We three the Campeador renowned will seek.
To you we'll lend assistance — such is just —
To take and place within your guard the chests,
That Moor or Christian never know of it."
Rachel and Vidas said: "This pleases us;
The coffers brought, be thine six hundred marks."

248 Then Martin Antolinez mounted swift;
Rachel and Vidas joined, content and pleased;
Nor bridge he sought, for through the stream he passed,
That none of Burgos born discover him.
Before the tent of Campeador renowned,
Behold they stand, and when they passed within,
And came before the Quid, they kissed his hands.
Then smiled My Quid, and thus he spake to them:
“Rachel and Vidas, Sirs, you do forget me!
I leave the land, for wroth the king with me.
Of mine it seemeth something would ye have:
Through life ye ne'er shall want.” Then on his hands
Sir Rachel and Sir Vidas kissed My Quid.
Then Martin Antolinez stopped the talk:
Six hundred marks they'd give upon these chests,
And guard them well until the year were done,
For thus they faith engaged and swore to him,
That if they looked before they'd perjured be;
My Quid a sorry coin of gain would grant.
Said Martin Antolinez: “Take in haste
The chests, Rachel and Vidas, bear them off;
Bestow within your safeguard. I with you
Will go that hither may we bring the marks;
For must My Quid depart ere crows the cock.”
You had beheld contentment when they strove
To move the chests; though strong, they could not bear.

172 Rachel and Vidas each to each rejoice

Upon the wealth of coin, for while they lived

Were both in fortune made. Then Rachel sought

My Qid, to kiss his hand: "Now, Campeador,

On hour propitious hast thou girded sword;

To seek the stranger folk you leave Castle,

Your fortune such that profits great are yours.

A present grant me, Qid—I kiss your hand—

A skin of Moorish leather fair and red."

The Qid replied: "'Tis pleasing unto me;

I grant it here and will I bring it you,

Or else its value take upon the chests."

A carpet spread they 'mid the palace then;

Thereon a sheet of linen fair and white.

Three hundred silver marks at very first

They tossed. Don Martin took and counted them,

Nor weighed. The other three they paid in gold.

Don Martin five esquires had brought with him;

He burdened all. This done, attend his words:

"Rachel and Vidas, Sirs, the chests are yours;

I surely merit hose who this procured."

Rachel and Vidas both aside withdrew:

"He brought it; let us give him good reward.

Famed Martin Antolinez, Burgales,

We would bestow your due and fair reward:

We give you thirty marks wherewith to make

A handsome skin, a mantle fair and hose.

197 You will with justice earn our gratitude,
And see accomplished what we had agreed.”
Don Martin gave his thanks and took the marks ;
He deemed it good to leave the place, and bade
Farewell to both. He hath from Burgos gone,
And passed the Arlanzon and gained the tent
Of him whose birth on hour propitious fell.
The Qid with open arms his welcome gave :
“ My vassal Martin Antolinez true,
Approach, and may I soon behold the day
Wherein a recompense you gain from me.”
“ With happy tidings, Campeador, I come :
Six hundred you and thirty I have gained.
Command to strike the tent ; depart we soon.
Saint Peter of Cardena’s walls within,
Attend the crowing cock, and there behold
Your wife, the noble woman known to all.
We’ll tarry little, straight the kingdom leave.
’Tis needful ; few the hours of grace become.”
These words addressed, they gather up the tent ;
My Qid and his companions mount in haste.
He wheeled his horse to face Saint Mary’s church,
Right hand upraised and made the sign of cross
Upon his visage : “ God, who art supreme
In earth and heaven, thanks I render Thee.
Saint Mary glorious, be Thy grace mine aid.
The king’s displeasure gained, I leave Castile,
Nor know if all my days I shall return.
May virtues Thine avail me, Glorious One,
On this, my setting forth, and bring me aid,

222 And bear me succor both by night and day !
If so Thou dost and fortune favor me,
I send Thine altar presents rich and fair,
And pledge to have a thousand masses sung.”
Glad leave and earnest took the worthy man.
They loose the reins and think to spur ahead.
Cried Martin Antolinez: “I shall see
My wife, in all my solace ; needs must I
Instruction give them how they will proceed,
Nor care an't please the king to seize my lands.
I shall have joined you ere the sun arise.”

To Burgos Martin Antolinez turned,
And swiftly towards Saint Peter of Cardenia
My Qid and gentlemen who served him spurred.
Soon crow the cocks, the dawn begins to break ;
And when the worthy Campeador attained
Saint Peter's, saw he Abbot Sancho stand,
God's Christian, chanting matins for return
Of dawn ; and Dame Ximena too was there,
With noble ladies five attending her ;
Creator and Saint Peter they besought :
“ Guard, Guide of All, my Qid the Campeador.”
They called without, and these the accents knew.
Ah, God ! how joyful Abbot Sancho was !
With lights and candles swiftly did they seek
The outer court. They hail with joy supreme
The one upon an hour propitious born.
“ Thank God ! My Qid,” the Abbot Sancho said ;

²⁴⁷ "Since here I see you, take my hospitage."

The Quid replied: "Sir Abbot, thanks; I stand
Your debtor; food I'll self and vassals find.

But since I leave the land I do bestow
Upon you fifty marks, and if I live
Shall that amount be doubled unto you.

I'd not within the monastery cause
Extent of one dinero's injury.

And look, to Dame Ximena I devote
An hundred marks: her daughters, ladies, self,
This year attend. I leave my daughters both;
They are but children: take within your arms.
I place them, Abbot Sancho, 'neath your guard.

Bestow upon them, as upon my wife,
The greatest care; if that provision fail,
Or aught you lack, supply them well I bid.

For every mark that be expended so
I will return the monastery [four]."

Thereto consent the Abbot gladly gave.

Behold! her daughters Dame Ximena brings;
A lady each conducts and forward leads.

Ximena fell upon her knees and wept
Before the Campeador, his hands would kiss:

"Grace, Campeador, in hour propitious born,
By wicked meddlers forced to leave the land,
Grace, Quid, thou Faultless Beard! Behold me stand,
Your daughters too, before you, children young,
And these, my dames who service render me.

271 I see thou art to hour of parting come ;
And needs we must, though living, separate.
For love you bear Saint Mary, guidance give."
Upon his noble beard his hand he placed,
His daughters clasped within his arms and pressed
Against his heart, for great his love for them.
The tears his eyes o'erflowed, he deeply sighed :
"Ximena, oh, thou perfect wife of mine !
As I do love my soul so love I thee.
Thou seest, living, must we separate,
I shall depart and you remain behind.
God and Saint Mary grant that yet my hands
These daughters mine in marriage may bestow,
And grant me fortune fair and length of days,
And you, my honored wife, my care receive !"
Before the Campeador a great repast
They set. Saint Peter's bells with clamor sound.
Throughout Castile the herald's voice is heard,
How leaves the land My Quid the Campeador.
Abandon some their dwellings, some estates.
Upon that day at bridge of Arlanzon
There met an hundred horsemen and fifteen.
They all demand My Quid the Campeador,
And Martin Antolinez went with them.
They seek Saint Peter's, where was found the man
Whose birth upon a time propitious fell.
My Quid, he of Bivar, when 'ware of it,
That grows his force whereby his power shall grow,
Swift mounting, sallied forth to welcome them.

298 Upon his face a smile ; they all approach
And seek to kiss his hand. Right willingly
Outspake My Qid : " Who left your homes for me
And heritages, ere I die, of God
And Spiritual Father I entreat
That may I some good service render you,
And twofold reparation make to you
For all your losses." Now it pleased My Qid
Wherein that added force his strength increased,
And all the others there rejoiced of it.
Six days of grace have gone, and there remain
But three to pass, and, know ye, none beyond.
And bade the king My Qid to bear in mind
That, passed the days of grace, an he be ta'en
On royal lands, would gold nor silver save.
The day is done, the night begins to fall.
He bade his followers in council join :
" Now hear me, men, nor sadness weigh your hearts ;
Small wealth I bear, I wish to share with you.
Be circumspect, as 'twere your need to be :
Upon the morning, when the cocks shall crow,
Make no delay, but saddled see your steeds.
The worthy Abbot will the matins sound
Within Saint Peter's ; mass he will recite,
And that shall be of Holy Trinity.
The mass repeated, let us think to mount,
For cometh unto end the time of grace,
And far we have to go." As bade My Qid
So all perform. The night departed, came
The morn. At crow of cock they think to mount.

325 In eager haste they sound the matin bells.
To seek the church My Qid his wife attends.
Upon the steps before the altar fell
The Dame Ximena, praying unto him
Who hath created all, as best she knew;
That God protect My Qid the Campeador
350 From evil: "Lord of Glory, Father, Thou
On high, who hast created heavens and earth
And third the sea, stars, moon, and sun that warms,
In Holy Mother incarnation took,
In Bethlehem appeared as was Thy will.
The shepherds glorified and gave Thee praise.
There came in adoration seeking Thee
Three kings of far Arabia, Melchior,
Balthasar, Gaspar, bringing unto Thee
Of gold and frankincense and myrrh, for so
Thy wish. When Jonah fell amid the sea,
Didst rescue; Saint Sebastian in Rome,
And Daniel in the evil lions' den,
And Saint Susannah saved from vile reproach,
O Lord of Spirit, thirty years and two
On earth didst pass, performing miracles,
Whereof we have to speak: Thou madest wine
Of water, bread of stone, raised Lazarus,
For so Thy will; permitted Jews to lead Thee
Where rose the Mount of Calvary by name.
Upon a cross they raised Thee where 'twas called
Of Golgotha, on either hand a thief.
Of these now resteth one in Paradise,
The other never passed the portal through.

351 Thou didst a deed of great beneficence

Upon the cross: Longinus — blind was he —

Had never any human face beheld.

With lance he pierced Thy side, wherefrom the blood

Gushed forth. The blood along the handle flowed

And downward, till at last it did anoint

His hands; he raised them upward, touched his face,

Unclosed his eyes and gazed on every hand;

Thereon believed on Thee, and evil 'scaped.

Thou didst arise within the tomb and seek

The realms infernal, being thus Thy will,

The portals break, the Holy Fathers save.

Thou art the King of Kings, of all the earth

The Father; I with willing faith adore.

God guard My Quid the Campeador from harm;

Saint Peter aid my prayer on his behalf,

I do implore; and since to-day we part,

God grant that living may we meet again."

The prayer complete, the mass was brought to end.

They left the church, full eager now to mount,

The Quid for last embrace Ximena sought;

The Quid's hand Dame Ximena seeks to kiss

Not deemed what act were best with weeping sore.

And he upon his children turned to gaze:

"To God, your mother, and your ghostly sire,

My daughters, I commend you. Now we part,

And God alone the hour of meeting knows."

374 With streaming eyes, the like ye ne'er beheld,
They part from each as parts the nail from flesh.
My Qid and vassals now bethought to march.
To all attending, oft he turned his head.
Minaya Albarfañez aptly spake :
"Thou Qid, of mother born upon an hour
Propitious, whither now thy spirits fled ?
Bethink to go our way and this reserve
For hour that presseth not. In time shall turn
These sorrows into joys, and God, who gave
Our souls, will guidance still vouchsafe to us."
They Abbot Sancho once again instruct
How he should Dame Ximena service bear,
Her daughters likewise there, and ladies all
Attending. Well the Abbot is aware
That he will gain a worthy recompense.
Don Sancho turned and Albarfañez spake :
"If folk ye should behold arrive who seek
To join us, Abbot, bid them take the trail
And forward haste, for may they overtake
Perchance in peopled place or desert land."
They loose the reins, they think to spur ahead.
The time of grace to leave the kingdom ends.
My Qid within Spinar de Can sought rest.
At morn he thinks to march. Throughout the night
Full many joined him, folk from every hand.
The loyal Campeador departs the land.
Upon the left Saint Stephen, goodly town ;

445 Leave nought through fear, but boldly sweep the land.
Guadalajara past, by Hita down,
And reach the raiders unto Alcalá,
And all the booty let them gather well,
Nor leave behind them aught through fear of Moors.
At rear the hundred I will here retain ;
Take Castejón where shelter great were ours.
Upon the raid if some mischance befall,
In haste, to rear, the news report to me ;
With that relief the whole of Spain shall sound.”
The men to go upon the raid are named,
And those who rest at rear beside My Qid.
The dawn begins to break, and comes the day.
Uprose the sun—ah, God, how fair he shone !
In Castejón the people all arose,
The portals open, hasten they abroad
Their work and all possessions to attend.
Are all departed, wide the portals stand,
And few the folk that rest in Castejón.
Without the people all are scattered wide.
Broke forth from ambushade the Campeador,
And, never halting, rushed on Castejón.
The Moors, the men and women, were their spoil,
And all the flocks that wander thereabout.
Sought straight the port My Qid Don Roderick.
When those who held it saw the swift attack,

460 They terror felt, the gate unguarded stood.
My Quid Ruy Diaz passed the portal through.
Within his hand his naked sword he bore ;
Fifteen the Doors he slew of those he reached.
The Castejon with gold and silver gained.
The booty bearing, now his knights arrive.
They leave My Quid the whole ; he deems it nought.
Behold the twice an hundred men and three
Upon the raid ; unerringly they marched
To Alcalá. Minaya's standard came.
Thence turned they back with plunder to ascend
Henares ; Guadalajara's way they passed.
How very great the spoil they gather there
Of many herds of cattle, flocks of sheep,
And garments rich and other things of price.
Now straightway back Minaya's banner comes,
Nor any dare assault upon the rear.
With booty such returned that company.
In Castejon, where was the Campeador,
Behold them now. The Campeador he left
The castle gained, and mounting, sallied forth
To welcome them with this his following.
Minaya he receives with open arms :
" Now, Albarfáñez, come, thou hardy lance,
Where'er I sent you had my hope been such.
Let this be placed with that ; I give to you,
Minaya, as it be your wish, the fifth."

433 "For this I thank you, Campeador renowned.

That fifth awarded unto me by you,

Alfonso the Castillian would esteem.

I free it, holding you absolved of it.

To God I vow, the One who is on high,

That till I'm satisfied on my good steed,

In battling Moors upon the field of war,

Till lance I use and hold my sword in hand,

The blood a-dripping from the elbow down,

Before Ruy Diaz, man of battle famed,

I'll not a bad dinero's worth from you.

Now since through me you have some fortune gained,

For all the rest behold it in your hand."

Together then they gathered all these spoils.

My Qid, in hour propitious born, bethought

That news would reach the King Alfonso's ears

Of his campaigns; that would he seek to do

An evil unto him with all his force.

He bade division make of all that gain,

That each his part by written form receive.

This knights therein have share, and each receives

An hundred marks of silver. Those on foot

Do each the half of that unfailing gain.

515 A fifth complete My Qid received; but here
They may not sell it nor as gift bestow.
Yet would he not within his company
Or men or women captives bear with him.
With those of Castejon he parley held;
To Hita sent, and unto Guadalajara,
This fifth, for what it might be bought of him.
Whate'er the price they give, their gain were great.
Three thousand marks of silver name the Moors.
That offer pleased My Qid. The third day gone,
'Twas surely paid. My Qid, with all his men,
Bethought he might within the castle find
No fitting resting-place, that 'twould be his,
But water there was none. At peace he lay,
For writ the covenant: "With all his force
Would seek us King Alfonso. Followers,
And you, Minaya, hear me: Castejon
I wish to leave — nor hold my words as ill.
In Castejon we may not rest, for near
Is King Alfonso; searching will he come.
Yet would I not the castle desolate;
An hundred Moors of men and women each
I wish to free, that ill they name me not
Wherein I dispossessed them. Ye are all
Content, and none remain to satisfy.
At early dawn bethink to mount our steeds.

508 "I seek no strife against my lord Alfonso."

What spake My Cid contented all the rest.

All leave enriched the castle gained by them.

The Moorish men and women blessings shower.

At utmost speed Henares' stream they mount,

And pass Alcarias, and onward urge,

Past caverns of Anquita, waters cross,

And strike upon the field Torancio.

In greatest haste descending, pass they through

These lands. Between Ariza and Cetina

My Cid encamped. The plunder great he took

From lands he passed. Nor comprehend the Moors

Their boldness. When the morrow came My Cid,

He of Bivar, set forth and passed him by

Alhama, marched adown the course of Eoz,

By Boubierca passed, Ateca town

That lies beyond, and near to Alcocer

My Cid encamped, upon a rounded hill

Most high and strong. At hand Jalon doth course;

May none forbid him water. Bath in mind

My Cid Don Roderick to take the town

Of Alcocer. He strongly manned the hill,

Positions firm he took, and toward the heights

Faced one, the other looked upon the stream.

Around about the hill and close upon

The water, did the worthy Campeador —

In hour propitious born — a ditch command

56r That all his men [construct], that night or day
Might no assault be made, and be it known
That there My Qid had taken fixed abode.
Through all these lands the news was borne along :
How Campeador My Qid had manned the place.
He leaves the Christians, unto Moors he comes.
With him at hand they little profit hope.
On guard My Qid with all his vassals lies.
The castle Alcocer of tribute treats.
Of Alcocer the people gladly grant
My Qid the tribute, so Ateca's folk
And those within the city Geruel.
Deep, know ye, doth it grieve Calatayud.
There lay My Qid for fifteen weeks entire.
My Qid, when he beheld that Alcocer
Surrendered not, a stratagem conceived,
Nor made delay. A single tent erect
He left, and all the others bore away.
Adown Jalon he marched, his banner raised.
They wore cuirasses, girded were their swords.
He shrewdly marched to tempt to ambuscade.
The men of Alcocer beheld the thing.
God! how they did among themselves rejoice!
"My Qid of bread and forage stands in need ;
He left a tent, he scarce the rest could bear,

583 My Qid departs as though from rout he fled.

How let us fall upon him, great our spoil,
Ere those of Geruel shall capture him,
For else they will not give us aught of it ;
The tribute taken shall be twice return."

With strangest haste they rushed from Alcocer.
And when My Qid perceived they were without,
He fled as though from rout and turned him down
Jalon, nor any came against his force.

Cried those of Alcocer : " Our spoil escapes ! "

They rush, both great and small, without the place,
With wish of taking, nought considered else ;
They leave the portals wide with none to guard.

He turned his face, the worthy Campeador,
And saw between the castle and themselves

The space was great. The banner bade he turn.

In haste they spur'd. " How surely strike them, knights !
By grace of the Creator, ours the spoil. "

They turned across the plain at midst with them.

Ah God, that morn how great the joy ! Ahead

My Qid and Albarfañez spurred. Be sure

Their steeds are good, and to their guise they go.

Thereon, between the castle came and them.

My Qid's attendants struck, nor mercy gave.

In little o'er an hour of time they killed

Three hundred Moors, while those who were within

606 The ambuscade began to cry aloud.

They seek the castle, leaving those ahead,
With naked swords, before the portal stopped.
Full soon their men arrived, the rout is done.
And know, My Qid hath Alcocer obtained
By this device. Pero Vermudez came;
He bore in hand the banner, raised it high
All else above. My Qid Ruy Diaz spake,
Who was upon an hour propitious born:
"Be thanks to God of heaven and all his saints!
Now horse and man shall better lodgment gain.
Attend me, Albarfañez; all the knights,
Attend. The wealth we gained is very great
Within this castle. Dead the Moors are stretched
Of living few I see. We may not sell
The Moors, or men or women, nor would aught
Be ours of gain an we beheaded them.
Shut them within, for we are masters here;
Command their service, in their houses dwell."
This booty held in Alcocer My Qid;
He sent to bring the tent they left behind.
Most heavy grief Ateca's folk oppressed,
And those of Geruel joyed not of it,
Nor those within Calatayud were pleased.
A message to Valencia's king they sent:
"One called My Qid Ruy Diaz of Bivar —"

629 The King Alfonso hates and exiled him
He camped within a place of greatest strength
O'er Alcocer, and drew the people forth
To ambuscade, and hath the castle gained.
Ye shall Ateca lose and Geruel,
An ye supply no aid; and shall ye lose
Calatayud, which never may escape;
Beside Jalon shall all to evil go;
And such befall Jiloca's land, which lies
Upon the other hand." When this he heard
King Gamin sore was grieved: "Three Moorish kings
I see about me; make ye no delay,
But thither hasten two and bear with you
Three thousand Moors for battle armed, with those
Who will upon the borders give you aid.
Take him alive and here before me bring;
For entering lands of mine he shall requite."
There mount three thousand Moors and think to march;
That night Segorbe gained to make their camp.
On other day at morn bethink to ride.
At night they unto Celfa came to camp.
They mind to send and seek the border folk.
Delay they not, but come from every hand.
They leave the town called Celfa of Canal;
Throughout the day's extent, nor resting, marched.
Calatayud they reached that night to camp.
Through all these lands the heralds make their way.

653 In numbers great the folk together came.

With those two kings they Galba name and Haris
They go to siege My Qid the good within
The town of Alcocer. They fired the tents
And their positions took. These forces grow,
For many are the folk. In arms are clad
By night and day the guards the Moors have set.
These guards are many, very great the host;
Already they deprive of water those
Who serve My Qid. The force My Qid commands
Would seek the fight, but firmly that forbade
The one upon an hour propitious born.
Three weeks in full they held the place besieged.

Now three weeks having passed, the fourth at hand,
My Qid anew his men in council took :

“The water have they turned away from us ;

We bread shall need ; and should we seek to go
Away by night, they'd not consent to it.

To fight them are their forces very great.

Now tell me, knights, what have ye mind to do ?”

First spake Minaya, knight of honor he :

“We left Castile the noble, hither came.

If Moors we fight not, bread they'll give us none.

Six hundred full are we and some beyond.

675 In name of the Creator, may it ne'er

Pass otherwise, but let us forth to strike
Upon the morrow." Said the Campeador:

"Didst speak my guise, Minaya, thou hast done
Thyself an honor, and shall further do."

The men and women Moors he bade expel,
That none might this their secret come to know.

That day and night they preparation make.

Another morn the sun his rays revealed,
My Qid and all the men he hath are armed.

As shall ye hear related spake My Qid:

"All go we forth, nor any man remain,
Save only two on foot to guard the port;

And if on field we die, they sepulchre
Will grant within the castle. If we gain

The battle, we in riches will increase.

Pero Vermudez, you my standard take;

As brave ye be, so will ye bear it well.

But, lest I order, spur not on with it."

He kissed the Qid upon the hand and took

The standard. Then they flung the portals wide

And rushed without. The Moorish guards beheld,

And turned them toward the host. What haste was now

Among the Moors. They sought to arm themselves.

It seemed as though the very earth would split

Beneath the sound of drums. Ye had beheld

Moors arming, swiftly entering into line.

Two standards great among the Moors were raised.

699 Two battle lines they formed of mingled foot—
What man could count them? Now the Moorish lines
Advance to meet My Qid and followers
In hand-to-hand encounter. “Rest ye still,
My men, within this place; none leave the lines
Until I bid.” But this could not endure
Pero Vermudez; grasps within his hand
The standard, spurs thereon began to drive:
“Creator, guard, Qid Campeador the true!
I go to set your standard there within
That greater line of battle. We shall see
How ye whose duty 'tis shall rescue it.”
Then cried the Campeador: “For charity,
Be it not so!” “It shall not otherwise!”
Pero Vermudez cried, and spurred his horse,
And placed it mid the greater line. The Moors,
To gain the standard, welcome him, and deal
Upon him mighty blows, but may not shake.
Cried out the Campeador: “For charity,
Aid lend him!” Shields they grasp before their breasts,
They drop their lances low, with pennons decked,
Their faces bend above their saddle-bows;
With valliant hearts they go to strike their foes.
The horn in hour propitious cried aloud:
“Now strike them, knights, for love of charity—
Ruy Diaz, I, Bivar's Qid Campeador!”
They all direct attack upon the line
Where now Pero Vermudez may be found.

774 But welcome none they gave to Galva there.

Calatayud he sought in greatest haste.

The Campeador pursued, the chase endured

As far as Calatayud. How swiftly sped

The steed Minaya Albarfañez rode.

Among the Moors he thirty-four despatched.

Blade trenchant, stained with blood his arm, and blood

From elbow dripping down! Minaya speaks:

“How pleased am I that tidings good will reach

Castile, how hath My Qid a battle gained

In open field.” So many Moors lie dead

That there remain but few of them alive.

For while upon pursuit they never failed

To deal them blows. How turn the men who serve

The one who on propitious hour was born.

On sped My Qid upon his goodly steed,

Camail released, Ah God, how bearded he!

His hood upon his back, his sword in hand.

Beheld he how his men together drew:

“Be thanks to God, the One who is on high,

Since we have gained a battle such as this!”

Who serve My Qid they pillaged soon that camp,

Shields, arms, and much of other wealth was there.

When back they turned from 'mongst the Moors, they

Five hundred steeds and ten. The joy was great [found

Among the Christians. Not above fifteen

They found their loss of men. They bring such gold

And silver, know they not the sum of it.

800 That spoil hath all these Christian folk enriched.
Within their castles drove they back the Moors.
My Qid commanded something given them.
High joy My Qid and all his vassals knew.
He bade divide that coin and plunder great.
There fell the Qid, within his portioned fifth,
An hundred horses. God, how well he pleased
His vassals all, both foot and mounted men !
Well planned it he on hour propitious born,
Content is every man who follows him.
“ Minaya, hark, thou art mine own right arm :
Of all this wealth Creator gave to us
Take whatsoe'er thou list within thy hand.
With message would I send you to Castile
Concerning this engagement won by us,
To King Alfonso who is wroth with me.
I wish to send him thirty steeds as gift,
With saddles all and reins of fair design,
And fast to every saddle-bow a sword.”
Minaya Albarfañez said : “ With joy
Will I this thing accomplish.” “ Look, a purse
Of gold and silver full”—that nought he lack—
“ Within Saint Mary's church of Burgos town
A thousand masses pay and what remains
My wife and daughters give, and may their prayers

224 In my behalf be uttered night and day.

Rich ladies they, an I survive to them."

Minaya Albarfañez joys of this,

And those are named who shall accompany him.

Thereon they gave the barley, now the night

Had come. My Qid Ruy Diaz counsel took

Among his people. "You, Minaya, go,

Castile the noble seek. And well you may

Address our friends: assistance God hath lent

And we the battle gained. Returning, here

You shall discover us; if not, pursue

Where'er you learn our resting place may be.

By lance and sword subsistence must we gain,

For else survive within this barren land."

Now all is set, at dawn Minaya goes,

And rests the Campeador among his men.

A very evil land and barren this.

The frontier Moors and certain stranger folk

Keep watch throughout these days upon My Qid.

King Haris cured, they counsel held with him.

Between Hteca's folk and those who dwell

In Teruel the city, likewise those

Within Calatayud, the greater place,

It thus was planned and into writing framed:

To these, for thrice a thousand silver marks,

The Alcocer hath sold. To Alcocer

My Qid Ruy Diaz came. How well he pleased

His vassals — both the horse and foot enriched!

849 'Mong all his men not one in need was found.

Lives aye in joy who serves a worthy lord!

When now My Qid the castle sought to leave

The Moorish men and women made complaint:

“My Qid, thou partest, go our prayers before!

We rest contented, Sire, with all thine acts.”

When went away My Qid, he of Bivar,

From Alcocer; a=weeping fell the Moors,

Both men and women folk. He raised aloft

His banner; now departs the Campeador,

He crossed adown Zalon and onward spurred.

The omens, when they left Zalon, were fair.

Content thereat were those of Geruel.

Within Calatayud they more were pleased,

It sore oppressed the folk of Alcocer,

For much of good had he on them bestowed.

Set spurs My Qid and forward straight advanced,

Encamped upon a hill o'er Monreal.

The hill is high and marvellous and great;

Attack he feareth not on any hand.

Daroca town which lies before he placed

Beneath his tribute, thus Molina next,

Which stands upon the other hand, and third

The town of Geruel which was before;

Held Celfa de Canal within his hand.

My Qid Ruy Diaz grace receive of God!

Minaya Albarfañez to Castile

That hath gone; the thirty steeds he gave the king.

873 The king beheld them, fair he smiled : "May God,
Minaya, guard you, who hath given these?"
"My Qid Ruy Diaz, who, upon an hour
Propitious girt his sword; within that fight
Two Moorish kings o'ercame. This booty, Sire
Is great. To you, the honored king, he sent
This gift; he kisses both your feet and hands.
Creator guard you, mercy grant to him."
The king replied : "'Tis very soon to take,
But three weeks gone, a man in anger held,
Who grace of lord hath none; but since from Moors
I will accept this present; pleased am I
Wherein My Qid so great a spoil secured.
Beside, I free, Minaya, all to you,
Your fiefs and lands released receive again.
Depart or come, I grant you hence my grace,
But say you nought of Qid the Campeador.
Beyond all this, Minaya, would I say
That those throughout my kingdom who desire—
Good men and brave—to aid My Qid, I free
Their persons and their heritages leave."
Minaya Albarfañez kissed his hands:
"Thanks, king, and gratitude I render you,
As unto natural liege; thy present act
Is thus, but wilt thou otherwise anon."
"Now through Castile, Minaya, go and let
Your passage all permit, nor fear assail,
But go to join My Qid to seek for spoil."

899 I wish to tell you what befell the man
Who on propitious hour was born and girt
His sword. That hill whereon he made his camp,
While it be held of Moors or Christian folk,
Hill of My Qid in writing shall be named.
While there, his conquests spread on every hand,
All River Martin's land 'neath tribute laid.
To Zaragoza word of him was borne.
Nor did it please the Moors but sore distressed.
Full fifteen weeks My Qid abode thereon.
When saw the worthy one Minaya stayed,
A march he made by night with all his men,
The hill deserted — quite abandoned it.
Don Roderick passed upon the other side
Of Teruel; and Don Ruy Diaz camped
In Gebar's wood of pines, and all these lands
He quite subdued and Zaragoza laid
'neath tribute. When he had accomplished that
And three weeks passed, Minaya from Castile
Returned. Two hundred armed with swords he brought,
And know, ye might not count the infantry!
Now when my Qid beheld Minaya come
He rode in haste to welcome him, and kissed
His mouth and eyes. Minaya told him all
Nor did he anything conceal from him.
Fair smiled the Campeador: "My praise to God.

924 And all his Holy Virtues ; while, *M inaya*,
Thou livest all with me were fortunate !”
God, how the joy throughout that army ran,
Since thus *M inaya* *H Ibarfañez* came,
From those among their comrades left behind,
And cousins, brothers, bearing messages !
And God, how *Noble Beard* rejoiced of it !
For *H Ibarfañez* had acquitted him
The thousand masses, bringing word from both
His wife and daughters. God, how pleased the *Q id*,
And great the demonstration of his joy !
“ Now *H Ibarfañez*, may your days be long !”
He, born on hour propitious, tarried not.
Black lands of *H Icañiz* he, conquering passed,
And all about beneath his tribute laid.
Three days from starting came he there again.
And now, through all the land, the message goes.
It grieved the folk of *H uesca* and *M onzon*.
The folk of *Z aragoza* joyed because
They tribute give. In these *M y Q id R uy D iaz*
No dread of harm inspires. To camp they turn,
This plunder bearing. Joyous are they all,
The spoil they bear is great. It pleased *M y Q id*,
And *H Ibarfañez* greatly. Then he smiled,
That admirable one who might not rest.
“ Now, gentlemen, I needs must say you true
Whose place is aye the same may fortune lose.

949 To-morrow morn our steeds bethink to mount.
This camp desert and forward urge our way."
Then changed the Qid to Alucant's defile.
Thence Huesca sought My Qid and Montalban.
Ten days upon that foray were consumed.
In all directions went the messengers,
Relating how the exile of Castile
Great evil brought upon them. Now are gone
In all directions forth the messengers.
The Count of Barcelona heard the news:
My Qid Ruy Diaz all the land o'erran.
His pain was deep, he deemed it shame profound.
A boastful man the Count, he vainly spake:
"My Qid, he of Bivar, hath borne to me
Great wrongs. Within my court he did me wrong;
My nephew struck nor rendered count of it.
Now lands beneath my sway he overruns.
I ne'er defied nor bore him enmity,
But, since he seeks me, will I go to him
Demanding justice." Great his forces are
And swiftly do they gather. What with Moors
And Christians very many come to him.
Bivar's good man, My Qid, they follow straight.
Three days, two nights, their thoughts to marching bend;
O'ertook My Qid in Gebar's wood of pines.
Such forces brings the Count he thinks to take
His foe within his hands. Don Roderick,
My Qid, doth bear a booty great with him.

From mountain heights descending he arrived
 Within a vale. A message came to him
 From Count Don Raymond. When My Cid had heard
 He thither sent: "Desire the Count to feel
 No anger, nought I bear away of his,
 My parting grant in peace." Replied the Count:
 "It shall not thus befall. We shall repay
 For all that went before and now. And let
 This exile learn whose honor he assails!"
 Returned in utmost haste the messenger.
 My Cid, he of Bivar, thereon was ware
 That short of battle might he not depart:
 "Now put aside the booty, gentlemen,
 Prepare and arm yourselves in greatest haste.
 Count Raymond will great battle wage with us.
 Vast force of Moors and Christians leadeth he.
 For aught he would not leave us short of fight.
 Be here the battle, for they'd follow us.
 The steeds prepare and buckle on your arms.
 They charge adown the slope and hose they wear,
 They've padded saddles, slack the horses' girths;
 We ride Gallegan saddles, boots o'er hose.
 An hundred knights we should defeat that band.
 We will present our lances unto them
 Before they have attained the level plain.
 For one ye strike shall saddles three be cleared.
 This day shall Raymond Berenger behold
 What man it be he seeketh in pursuit
 To rob of spoil in Gebar's wood of pine."

1000 Are all prepared. When this My Qid had said,
They seized their arms and all their steeds bestrode.
Adown the hill beheld the Frankish force.
Beneath the hill, or hard upon the plain,
My Qid, in hour propitious born, gave word
To strike them. Gladly, willingly, his men
Obey. With good effect they pennons used
And lances, some dismounting, striking some.
This fight the man in hour propitious born
Hath won. He took Count Raymond prisoner.
And there he gained Colada, which is worth
Above a thousand silver marks, and gained
This battle, whence he honor bore his beard.
He took the Count, he led him toward his tent,
And bade his trusted ones to guard him well.
He left the tent; from every side his men
Collected. Joyed My Qid for great the spoils.
They placed before My Qid Don Roderick
A mighty feast. The Count Don Raymond set
Not any store thereby. The food they brought
And placed it forth before him; would he not
Partake thereof, and ev'rything he spurned.
"I'd not a mouthful eat for all in Spain.
I'd rather body lose and soul desert,
Since such an ill-clad force defeated me!"
Attend the words My Qid Ruy Diaz spake:

"Eat, Count, this bread and drink this wine. If you
 Obey me shall you leave captivity,
 Else all your days no Christian land behold!"
 Count Raymond: "Eat, Don Roderick, and rejoice.
 Shall death be mine, I wish to eat no more."
 Three days they move him not; and while they share
 These mighty spoils, they cannot make him take
 Of bread a morsel. "Count," exclaimed My Qid,
 "Eat something, else ye ne'er shall Christians see.
 But eat till I'm content, I'll free yourself
 Beside two gentlemen and bid you go."
 When this the Count had heard he joyful grew.
 "If, Qid, you fill your promise, all my life
 I'll marvel." "Eat then, Count; and I will free,
 When you have dined, yourself and other twain.
 But what you lost and I on field have gained,
 Know, not a sorry coin I'll give to you,
 For what you lost will I return to you,
 'Twere need of mine and all my vassals here,
 For they do follow me in poverty,
 And shall ye not receive it back from me.
 From you and others taking do we go
 Ourselves contenting. Such a life were ours
 So long the Holy Father deem it well,
 For doth he bear the kingly wrath and stand
 From all the land an erile." Then the Count
 Rejoiced; he asked for water for his hands.
 They brought it there and quickly gave it him.

1052 With knights the Quid had given him the Count
Partook of food, and, God, how willingly!
He, born on hour propitious, sat at hand.
“An, Count, ye eat not well, to my content,
We here remain, nor any parting know.”
Thereon the Count replied: “With heart and will.”
With these two knights he dined in eager haste.
My Quid, who watches him, is satisfied.
For well the Count Don Raymond plied his hands.
“An ’twere your pleasure, now we are, My Qid,
Prepared to go. Command to give us beasts,
And will we quickly start. Since day I first
Became a count, I ne’er so gladly dined;
The joy thereof will not forgotten be.”
Three palfreys saddled well they gave to him,
Likewise pelisses, mantles, garments fair.
The Count Don Raymond went between the two.
And the Castilian bore them company
Throughout the camp. “Now, Count, in manner frank
Thou goest, I’m content of what you left.
And if it cross your mind to vengeance take,
If search you make you may discover me.
An ye but seek me not, but leave in peace,
Of mine or of your own ye’ll something gain.”
“Now rest at ease, My Qid, for safe ye be.
I am acquit of you for all this year.
To seek you out alone will not be dreamed.”
The Count drove spurs, his thoughts on marching bent.

With turning head and looks behind he goes.
 He went in fear My Qid would yet repent,
 Which had that chief not done for all on earth;
 For ne'er in aught disloyal act were his.
 The Count has gone, Bivar's knight turned him back.
 Rejoined his force, began to share with them
 The mighty spoil and marvellous they gained.
 My Qid's gest here begins, he of Bivar.
 So rich his men they know not what they have.
 My Qid hath manned the Pass of Hlucant.
 The Zaragoza left and lands this way,
 From Huesca turned and lands of Montalban,
 And toward the salty sea began to war.
 The sun upon the East arose; he turned
 In that direction. Onda gained My Qid
 And Xerica and Hlmenara gained.
 And conquered all of Burriana's lands.
 Creator, Lord in heaven lent him aid.
 Moreover hath he Murviedro gained.
 Now saw My Qid that God protected him.
 Not slight the fear within Valencia.
 It grieved Valencia, know it pleased them not.
 Agreed they how they might to siege him go.
 From night to break of dawn they made their march,
 Near Murviedro came to fix their tents.
 My Qid beholding that was filled with joy.
 "To Thee be thanks, oh Father Spiritual!
 We're in their lands and do them every ill.

Their wine we drink and do we eat their bread.

'Twere justly done an they to siege us came.

That, short of fight will find no settlement.

To those who should assistance render us

Let messengers be sent. Let some depart

To Xerica and others Alucant,

To Onda some and others Almenara;

Let those of Burriana swiftly come.

We will deliver them a fight on field.

I trust in God that all will stand us well."

Three days and all had come. He, born upon

An hour propitious, thus began to speak:

"Attend me, men—Creator be your guard!

Since land of sweet Christianity we left—

No wish of ours, we might not otherwise—

Be thanks to God, for prospered our affairs.

Valencia's folk have sieged us. Would we rest

Within these lands we must chastise them well.

Let pass the night and let the morrow come:

With arms and horses be prepared for me.

We'll journey forth to view this host of theirs,

As men departed from a foreign land.

There shall be seen who meriteth his pay."

What spake Minaya Albarfañez hear:

"We, Campeador, accomplish your behest.

Give me an hundred knights. I ask no more.

In front attack them you, with all the rest.

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Well will ye strike, no hesitation there.
And I, the hundred leading, will attack
The other side. As trust I have in God,
The field will be our own." The words he spake
Well pleased the Campeador. 'Twas morn and all
Bethought to arm. Well knoweth each his part.
My Qid at dawning light to strike them goes.
"In name of the Creator and Saint James
Apostle, strike them gentlemen with love
And willingness and goodly earnestness,
For I'm My Qid Ruy Diaz of Bivar!"
Of tent cords many had ye seen to break,
Uptorn the stakes, tents falling everywhere.
The Moors are many, would they rally now.
Fell Albarfañez on their other side.
Unwilling were they forced to yeld and fly.
His great within that place the joyousness.
Two Moorish kings in this pursuit they slew.
Unto Valencia the chase endured.
The spoil My Qid has gained is great. They took
Cebola and whatever lies before.
Who might, escaped through fleetness of their steeds.
They spoiled the camp and thought to turn them back.
This mighty booty bearing came they then
To Murviedro. Be assured the news
About My Qid reëchoes far and wide.

So great the fear within Valencia

They know not what to do. The news resounds

Beyond the sea's extent. My Qid was gay

And all his men, that God assistance lent,

And he the victory gained. Their fleet ones sped,

By night they marches made, Guiera reached,

Arrived at Xativa and, further down,

At Denia, the City. Near the sea

They stoutly ravage all the Moorish lands.

Took Peña Cadiella, every way

That leadeth in or leadeth out they took.

Qid Campeador, when he had gained the town

Of Peña Cadiella, deep it grieved

The folk of Guiera town and Xativa.

Beyond all bounds the grief Valencia knew.

By storm and capture in the Moorish lands,

In sleep by day and marching through the nights,

Three years My Qid employed to gain those towns.

He hath Valencia's folk a warning given.

They dare not venture forth nor fight with him.

They felled their huertas—did them grievous harm;

My Qid of bread deprived them all these years.

They know not what to do; Valencia's folk

Made deep complaint. And never unto them

From any part soever bread arrived,

Nor son might aid his sire, nor father son,

Nor friend to friend might consolation bear.

'Tis evil plight, my lords, to want for bread!

To see, through hunger, sons and women die!

722 Three hundred lances pennanted are they.
Each slew a Moor upon a single stroke,
And at return the number is the same.
How many lances had ye there beheld
To rise and fall; how many shields transfixed
Or pierced, cuirasses broken, pennons white
All red with blood emerge; what noble steeds
Without their riders go! The Moors invoke
Muhammad, while the Christians call Saint James.
A thousand and three hundred Moors are killed
Within a little space. How worthily,
Upon his golden saddle-bow, did there
My Cid Ruy Diaz, man of battle, fight!
Minaya Albarfañez, who did lord
Zurita; Martin Antolinez, too,
The Burgos worthy; Muñoz Gustioz,
Whom he hath raised; Martin Muñoz, who ruled
At Mont Mayor; and Albar Alvarez,
And Albar Salvadorez, and beside
The good Galin Garcia of Aragon;
The nephew of the Campeador was there,
Helez Muñoz, and all the rest defend
The standard of my Cid the Campeador.
The horse Minaya Albarfañez rides
They slay; the Christian forces aid him well.
With broken lance, he layeth hand on sword;
Although afoot, he dealeth sturdy blows.

748 That saw My Qid, Ruy Diaz of Castile,
The neared an alguacil whose horse was good,
And such right-handed blow of sword he dealt,
Through waist he cut and cast him down. Thereon
Minaya Albarfañez, to bestow
The steed, he sought: "Minaya, mount, thou art
Right hand of mine, and shall I gain this day
Great power through you." The Moors with firmness
Nor yet the field desert. Minaya then [stand
Did mount the horse, his sword within his hand.
Engaging 'midst these forces battle fierce
He goeth slaying all within his reach.
My Qid Ruy Diaz, who was born upon
An hour propitious, smote King Haris thrice.
Twice failed his blows, the third hath taken him.
Adown his mail the trickling blood descends,
Aside he drew the reins to fly the field.
That blow hath cast the army into rout.
Once Martin Antolinez Galva smote,
And dashed the carbuncles from out his helm.
He burst the helm apart and reached the flesh.
And, know ye, dared the other not attend.
King Haris and King Galva are o'erthrown.
What day auspicious for Christianity!
For thence the Moors are flying. Those who serve
My Qid, pursuing, shower blows on them.
In Geruel King Haris refuge found.

They see their pain nor may assistance bear.
 Unto Morocco's king they needs must send.
 Dire war he waged against the one who dwells
 In Montes Claros. Help he sent them none,
 Nor came to aid. That learned My Qid; at heart
 He was content. He Murviedro left
 To march the night. Day broke upon My Qid
 In lands of Montreal. He heralds sent
 Through Aragon, Navarre; his messengers
 Bade seek Castile: "Who care would lose and gain
 In riches, join My Qid, on marching bent.
 To place Valencia in Christian hands
 He would surround the place. Who seeks to go
 Along with me to siege Valencia—
 Come all by choice, compulsion none shall know—
 Three days I will attendance hold on them,
 Within Canal de Celfa." This My Qid,
 The one on hour propitious born, hath said.
 He unto Murviedro turned him back,
 For had he gained it. I know, the heralds went
 On every hand. With eagerness for spoil,
 He would not stay. From fair Christianity
 Great numbers join. My Qid, he of Bivar,
 Grows richer. When My Qid the gathered force
 Perceived, he joyed. My Qid Don Roderick
 Wished no delay, but straight he marched against
 Valencia, and sought attack thereon.
 My Qid he sieged it well nor trick employed;
 Forbade their going out or coming in.

1206 All news is echoed wide concerning him.

More seek My Qid, be sure, than go from him.

A time of grace he set wherein the place

Might help receive. Before the town he lay

Full nine months, know, and when the tenth arrived,

They needs must yield it. Great the joy that ran

Through all this place. The day whereon My Qid

Valencia took and came within the town,

The men who walked were changed to mounted knights.

Who might relate the gold and silver's sum?

All present were enriched. Then bade My Qid,

Don Roderick, to gather up the fifth.

Full thirty thousand marks in coin were his;

And who might name the other riches there?

The Campeador rejoiced with all his men,

When o'er the Alcazar his chief banner waved.

My Qid reposed with all his companies.

The news that taken is Valencia

For want of aid, Sevilla's king hath reached.

He came to see with thirty thousand armed.

Beside the huerta did they hold the fight.

My Qid o'erthrew them — he whose beard is long.

The rout was carried quite within the walls

Of Jativa. He had confusion seen

At passing Jucar river. There the Moors

Thrown back, despite themselves the water drink.

Morocco's king escaped, receiving thrice

A blow. My Qid, with all the spoil, returned.

When they Valencia gained the spoil was fair.

1233 But greater profit, know, this rout hath brought :
Among them — unto all the very least
An hundred marks of silver fell. Now see
How sped the reputation of the Knight.
Among those Christians with My Qid Ruy Diaz,
On hour propitious born, the joy was great.
How doth his beard increase and longer grow.
My Qid addressed them thus: "For love I bear
The King Alfonso who hath exiled me,
Should scissors never find their way therein,
Nor fall a single hair, and may the Moors
And Christians talk thereof." Don Roderick,
My Qid is resting in Valencia,
At hand Minaya Albarfañez stands
Who never leaves his arm. The exiles now
Great wealth possess. Within Valencia
He gave to each both house and heritage
Wherewith are all content; for now is proved
My Qid's affection. Those who left with him
And those of later coming all are pleased.
My Qid perceived that, holding such a spoil
As they had gained, if now they might depart,
'Twould willingly be done. This bade My Qid —
Minaya counseled it: — "Each man who took
No leave, nor kissed his hand, if they might sieze him
Or overtake, they should attach his wealth
And on a gibbet raise him high. So all
With care hath he arranged. For counsel now
He with Minaya Albarfañez goes.

1257 Minaya, an you deem it well, I 'd know
The state of those at hand, who profit gained
With me, and write their names—be listed all;
So that among these vassals mine who guard
Valencia and round it keep their watch,
If any flee away or should be missed,
He unto me his plunder shall return.”
“Therein,” Minaya said, “’Tis wisely planned.”
He bade them seek the court and gather all.
When there he found them, count he took of them.
Three thousand and six hundred had My Qid,
He of Bivar. His heart was glad, he smiled.
“Minaya, praise to God, be praised as well
Saint Mary Mother, less our forces when
We left Bivar the town. Now have we wealth
And more will have. Minaya, an you will,
An ’t grieve you not, I wish to send you hence
Unto Castile, where hold we heritage,
And King Alfonso, he, my lawful liege.
From this, my spoil, we here have gained, I ’d give
An hundred steeds to him, which you shall take,
And kiss his hand and earnestly beseech
His leave my wife and daughters to remove,
An ’t please him. Will I send for them, and you
The message learn: The daughters of My Qid
Infantas, and his wife, such way shall go
That great their honor in these stranger lands
That we enabled were to gain.” Thereon
Minaya made reply: “Right willingly.”

1203 This said, they preparation thought to make.
My Quid an hundred Albarfañez gave,
To serve him on the road, and bade him bear
Saint Peter's church a thousand silver marks,
And Abbot Sancho give. While all rejoiced
Upon this news, there came a tonsured one
From out the East, Jerome the bishop called.
A man of wisdom, deep in letters learned.
Afoot or mounted most adroit was he.
He came with questions of the deeds of fame
My Quid had wrought; the bishop eager was
To see himself engaged afield with Moors,
For if in fight he fall a-dealing blows,
To end of time let Christians weep him not.
My Quid, when that he heard, rejoiced. "Attend,
Minaya Albarfañez, by the One
Who is on high, since God would lend us aid,
Let us display our thanks. I would create
Within Valencia's lands a bishopric,
And on this goodly Christian would bestow.
Fair tidings yours when you shall seek Castile."
Don Roderick's words gave Albarfañez joy.
This Don Jerome they now a bishop make,
Establish in Valencia where well
The rich may be. God, all of Christendom
How glad that now within Valencia's lands
A bishop dwelt! Minaya was rejoiced.
He took his leave and went. Valencia's lands
At peace, Minaya Albarfañez made

1357 Dishonor, shame and evil fend from them.

And when these ladies reach my land's extent,
Give heed that both the Campeador and you
Attend them. Harken troops and all my court :
I would not aught the Campeador should lose.
To all the troops who name him liege I give
Release of all wherein I seizure made.
Where'er the Campeador may be, let each
His heritage receive. From sudden death
And evil do I free their bodies all.

And this I do that may they serve their liege."

Minaya Albarfañez kissed his hands.

The king he smiled, and very fair he spake :

"Whoe'er would seek the Campeador to serve,
Be freed of me and with Creator's grace
Depart. The greater were our gain therein
Than in another's shame." Thereon the Lords
Of Carrion began to hold discourse :

"My God the Campeador's success apace
Increaseth. Well his daughters would we wed
To our advantage. Yet we would not dare
Ourselves to broach this subject. From Bivar
My God, and we are counts of Carrion!"

To none they told it, there this talk was left.

Farewell Minaya Albarfañez gave

The goodly king. "Minaya, now you part,

And may Creator's grace accompany you.

A porter take, I deem it were your gain.

And if ye take the dames, their wishes fill.

138a Unto Medina grant their every need,

Thereafter let the Campeador attend."

Minaya bade farewell and left the court.

Beside Minaya Albarfañez marched

The Lords of Carrion: "In all things thou

Art worthy, act in this with worthiness;

My Qid, he of Bivar, salute for us,

In what we may we stand in his behalf.

No loss the Qid's wherein he favor us."

Replied Minaya: "Naught aggrieves me there."

Minaya gone, the Lords they turned them back.

He sought Saint Peter's straight, where wait the dames.

Supreme the joy when saw they him appear.

Dismounts Minaya, seeks Saint Peter's church

For prayer. That done the ladies he approached:

"I bow before you, Dame Ximena, here;

God shield from harm, and so your daughters guard!

My Qid, from where he rests, his greeting sends;

I left him well, with riches very great.

In clemency, the king your freedom grants

To me, to bear you to Valencia,

Our heritage. An sees you safe the Qid,

And free from harm, all joyful will he be,

For naught his care." The Dame Ximena said:

"Creator grant it." Thereupon apart

Three knights Minaya Albarfañez set,

And sent them where My Qid remained within

Valencia City: "Tell the Campeador—

May God from harm defend—that both his wife

1408 And daughters hath the king released to me,
And while we should within his lands remain
He bade we be with all provisions plied.
Gone fifteen days — an God from harm protect —
Myself, his wife and children will be there,
And all the worthy dames they have with them.”
The knights are gone, and they will mind it well.
Minaya Albarfañez hath remained
Within Saint Peter's. Had ye there beheld
Arrive from every hand the knights. They wish
To seek My Qid, he of Bivar, within
Valencia. They Albarfañez pray
To favor them. Minaya thus replied :
“That will I gladly.” Knights Minaya sought
In number sixty-five. An hundred more
He had from ponder led. A goodly force
They form, these ladies to accompany.
Five hundred marks Minaya did bestow
Upon the Abbot, while the other five,
I will relate what use he made of them.
The Dame Ximena, as her children there,
And other ladies who before them serve,
The good Minaya thought to furnish them
With best equipment he might find within
The town of Burgos ; palfreys, mules as well,
To end that they no poor appearance make.
The dames equipped, the good Minaya wished
To think on marching, when, before his feet
Rachel and Vidas fell: “Thou knight of fame,

1432 Minaya, grace! And if he aid us not
Know ye the Qid hath ruined us. The gain
We grant but let him yield the capital.”
“That thing before the Qid I will attend,
An God but lead me there. Your deed will gain
Fair recompense.” Rachel and Vidas said:
“Creator so ordain, for else we needs
Must Burgos leave and go in search of him.”
Minaya Albarfañez sought Saint Peter’s.
Full many came to him; he thought to march.
At parting is the Abbot’s grief profound.
“How may Creator be your guardian,
Minaya Albarfañez. And for me
Salute upon his hands the Campeador
And may he ne’er forget this monastery,
For higher aye My Qid will be esteemed
For making it to prosper all his days.”
Minaya made reply: “Right willingly.”
And now they take their leave and think to ride.
The porter set to guard them goes with them.
Throughout the king’s domain provision great
They gave them. Five the days they use to march
The space between Saint Peter’s and Medina.
Lo! Albarfañez and the dames within
Medina. Will I tell ye of the knights
Who bore the word. When ware of that, My Qid,
The of Bivar, was glad and pleased at heart.
He ’gan to speak: “Who envoy worthy sends
May look for like. Thou, Muño Gustioz,

1458 **P**ero Vermudez, thou to horse before,
With hundred men for fight prepared, and go
True Martin Antolinez, Burgales,
And Bishop Don Jerome, the tonsured one
Of high esteem. Saint Mary's pass and seek
Molina town beyond. Who holds that place,
Avengalvon, my friend of peace is he.
He well may join with hundred other knights.
Fly to Medina. As they told to me,
You there will find Minaya Albarfañez
With wife and children mine. In honor great
Lead them before me; I will rest within
Valencia, which place hath cost me dear.
'Twere madness great an I abandoned it.
I will within Valencia remain,
For do I hold the place as heritage."
That said, they thought to ride. At utmost speed
They never ceased to march; Saint Mary's crossed
And came to pitch their camp before the place;
At morrow lodged within Molina town.
When Moor Avengalvon the message knew,
With great delight he went to welcome them.
"Now, come, ye vassals of my natural friend,
And, know ye, great my joy, no pain is mine!"
Awaiting none, spake Duño Gustioz:
"My Cid saluted you and bade us urge
That swift you bear him aid with hundred men.
His wife and daughters in Medina rest.

2485 He begs you seek and bring them here to him,
Nor leave them till you gain Valencia."
"That will I gladly," said Avengalvon.
Provision great that night he gave to them.
At morn they thought to ride. An hundred men
They asked, but he with twice an hundred goes.
Vast mountains wild they pass. In such a guise
Passed Mata de Goranz. No fear had they.
By Val de Arburedo planned descent.
Now all are in Medina. Truth to learn,
Two knights Minaya Albarfañez sent.
No stay was there, they have the thing at heart.
The one remained with them, but back again
To Albarfañez did the other turn.
"Now men of Campeador come seeking us.
Pero Vermudez here before you see,
And Muño Gustioz, who love you true,
And Martin Antolinez, Burgales,
Jerome the Bishop, man of tonsure true,
And Alcayaz Avengalvon and all
The force he leads, to bring My Qid content
And bear him honor. All together come
And now arrive." "This hour," Minaya cried,
"Our horses mount," and was it straightway done,
For seek they not delay. Full hundred men
They sallied forth, nor did they ill beseem,
On goodly steeds that poitreles bore and bells,
And sendal coverings and shields on necks,
And lances pennanted in hands, to show
The rest what prudence Albarfañez used.

1512 Oh, how went *Albarfañez* from *Castile*
With these the dames he led! The ones who spy
And march ahead soon take their arms and go.
High ran the joy along the stream *Jalon*.
Now where the rest arrive they go to make
Obeisance to *Minaya Albarfañez*.
When came *Avengalvon* and saw him there,
He sought embrace with smile on mouth, and pressed
Salute upon his shoulder — such his use:
“Fair day is yours, *Minaya Albarfañez*!
These dames you bring whereby our worth shall rise.
Wife, daughters lawful of the warrior *Qid*,
We all must honor — such his auspices.
Though ill we wished him might we do him none.
In peace or war of ours he e’er shall have.
Full dull I deem the man who knows not truth.”
Minaya Albarfañez smiled: “Art thou,
Avengalvon, a flawless friend; an God
But bear me ’fore the *Qid* and him I see
In life, for this your deed you naught shall lose.
Now lodgment seek, for supper is prepared.”
Avengalvon: “This offer gives me joy.
And ere from this three days have passed away
Twofold I will return it unto you.”
They passed within *Medina* town and there
Minaya entertainment gave to them.
Of service thus bestowed were all rejoiced.
The royal porter payment did ordain.

Within Valencia, where staid my Qid,
 The honor hath received by vast supplies
 They furnished him within Medina town.
 All paid the king and free Minaya goes.
 The night hath passed away, the morn hath come,
 The mass been heard, thereafter soon they rode.
 They left Medina, crossed Jalon and spurred
 Up Arburuelo swiftly; soon they crossed
 Gorancio's field, Molina reached where ruled
 Avengalvon. The Bishop Don Jerome—
 A worthy Christian, never fault were his—
 The ladies guarding, marched by night and day,
 On horse of war that goes before his arms.
 And what with Albarfañez and himself
 A company they had, and now they passed
 Within Molina, city fair and rich.
 Well served them Moor Avengalvon, nor failed.
 Whatever thing they wished, they lacked it not;
 E'en cost of horses' shoes he bade remit.
 Ah God, what meed of honor did they give
 Minaya and the dames! At morrow's dawn
 They mounted soon, nor failed he serving them
 Until within Valencia. The Moor
 His own expended, naught he took of theirs.
 With these delights and news of such degree
 How close upon Valencia they stand,
 Three leagues all told. Within Valencia
 Unto my Qid, on hour propitious born,
 They bore the news. My Qid was filled with joy
 Which ne'er had higher risen, nor so high.

1563 For cometh word from all he loveth best.

Two hundred knights he bade depart in haste,
To greet Minaya and the noble dames.

On guard and watching in Valencia

He rests, for well he knows that Albarfañez
Brings all securely. See! the children now
And dames and all the rest Minaya greet.

My Qid commanded those within his house
The Alcazar and other lofty towers
To guard, and likewise every gate that leads
Or in or out, and Babieca bring;

He had but newly gained him, nor was yet
My Qid, who sword on hour propitious girt,
Aware an he were fleet or good at halt.

Beside Valencia's gate, where safe was he,
Before his wife and daughters he desired
To bear his arms. The Bishop Don Jerome,
When had the dames with honor great been met,
Before them entered, left his horse and straight
The chapel sought, with all he could who came
Upon that moment. Clad in surplices

And bearing silver crosses, went they forth
To welcome good Minaya and the dames.

Stayed not the one on hour propitious born.

They saddle Babieca, coverings

Cast over him, and forth upon him rode

My Qid, and wooden arms he took in hand;

A cloak o'er tunic threw; his beard was long.

198 A course he ran, most strange it was to see.

The horse he strode was **Babieca** named.

And when the course was run they marvelled all.

From this day forth they **Babieca** prized

Through all of mighty **Spain**. Where ends the course

My **Qid** dismounted, straight he sought his wife

And daughters twain. And when the **Dame Ximena**

Beheld him, at his feet she cast herself:

“Grace, **Campeador**, on hour propitious thou

Hast girded sword! Thou hast delivered me

From multitude of dire humiliations.

Behold me, liege, and both your daughters here,

Through **God** and you most nobly bred and good.”

The mother and the daughters close he drew

Within his arms; and for their joy they wept.

And all his followers were overjoyed,

Tablados breaking, arms within their hands.

What spake the one on hour propitious born

Attend: “Oh thou, my honored cherished wife,

And both my daughters, heart and soul of mine,

Within **Valencia City** pass with me,

Within this heritage I gained for you.”

The mother and the daughters kissed his hands.

Valencia's gates with honor great they passed.

My **Qid** the **Alcazar** straightway sought with them.

There made them mount the highest point of all.

On every hand the lovely eyes are turned.

1613 They see how lies Valencia City spread,
And on the other hand behold the sea.
They gaze upon the Huerta, dense and wide.
Their hands uplift in prayer to God. This spoil
Full joyful made My Qid and company,
For fair it is and great. The winter now
Hath gone and March is just about to come.
I would relate you news from o'er the sea,
Of Yusef, king who in Morocco dwells.
Morocco's king was angered with My Qid
Don Roderick: "Within my heritage
He roughly enters; grace he renders not
Save unto Jesus Christ." That king who ruled
Within Morocco drew his forces up.
With fifty times a thousand fully armed
They sought the sea and passed within their ships.
They go to seek Valencia, to My Qid
Don Roderick. The vessels have arrived
And forth they go. They reached Valencia
Which gained My Qid. The unbelievers fired
Their tents and camped. The news hath reached My Qid:
"Creator, Spiritual Sire, be praised!
For all the wealth I own before me lies.
With pain I gained Valencia, and hold it
As heritage, nor short of death may leave.
Creator and Saint Mary Mother, praise!

1638 My wife and daughters here I have at hand.

Delight is mine from lands beyond the sea.

I arms will seek, nor might I turn away.

My wife and daughters shall behold me fight;

Within these foreign lands perceive the way

Of gaining lodgment. Well their eyes shall see

How bread is won." His daughters and his wife

He bade to mount upon the Alcazar's height.

They raised their eyes, and fixed they tents beheld:

"Creator guard you, Quid, what thing is this?"

"How grieve ye not, my honored wife. 'Tis wealth

Most strange and great that riseth unto us.

But late you came, they would a gift bestow.

Your daughters are to marry. They but bring

A marriage portion." "Quid, I render thanks

Both unto you and Spiritual Sire."

"Rest, wife, within this palace, and if so

It be your wish, within the Alcazar stay.

Have never fear because ye see me fight.

With grace of God and of Saint Mary Mother,

My heart grows strong for that ye are at hand.

With God's assistance will I gain this fight."

The tents are fixed and dawn begins to break;

In greatest haste they beat the drums. My Quid

Rejoiced and cried: "A day most fair is this!"

His wife hath fear, it seemed her heart would break;

The dames as well and so his daughters twain;

Since birth they never such a terror knew.

He grasped his beard, the good Quid Campeador:

1664 "Fear not, for all to your advantage turns ;
Ere fifteen days have passed, an't please Creator,
We will before you lay those very drums,
Thereon ye shall behold what things they be.
The Bishop Don Jerome shall then receive
And hang them in the church they call Saint Mary
The Mother of Creator." 'Tis a vow
Qid Campeador hath made. The dames rejoice,
Their fears depart. Hard ride Morocco's Moors.
They fearless pass within the Huertas' space.
The atalaya saw, and rang the bell.
The Christian forces stand prepared. They arm
Right willingly and rush without the town,
And fierce engaged the Moors where'er they met.
In truth they drove them from the Huertas forth
In goodly guise. Full fifteen hundred men
This day they slew. That chase hath reached the tents.
They had accomplished much and thought to ride.
There Albar Salvadorez captive fell.
Now those who eat his bread have turned them back
Unto My Qid. He had beheld the thing,
And when they came to him they told it him.
For all they did My Qid with joy is filled.
"Hark, knights, and shall it not be otherwise :
This day is fair, the morn shall fairer be.
Armed be ye ready ere the light of dawn.
The Bishop Don Jerome shall unto us
Give absolution and recite the mass.
Thereafter unto riding turn your thoughts.

1690 Forth let us go to strike them in the name
Of the Creator and Saint James Apostle.
Better we crush them than they gain the field."
All cried thereon: "With love and willingness."
Minaya spake, nor sought delay: "'Tis thus
You, Qid, desire, but bid me otherwise:
Give me an hundred knights and thirty armed
To fight, if need. When you against them go
Will I upon the other side attack.
To both or one will God assistance bear."
Thereon replied the Qid: "Right willingly."
This day is done and hath the night arrived.
These Christian folk delay not to prepare.
Ere morn, at cockcrow, Bishop Don Jerome
Recited them the mass. The mass complete,
Great absolution gave he unto them:
"Whoe'er shall perish here with face to fight
I take his sins and God his soul shall have.
Thou, Qid Don Roderick, didst gird thy sword
On hour propitious; I this morn to you
Recited mass; a guerdon now I ask,
And be it granted me, first blows to deal."
The Campeador: "Thereon 'tis granted you."
All pass in arms between Valencia's towers,
My Qid encouraging his vassals well.
Most cautious men they leave beside the gates.
Sprang forth My Qid, upon his steed he rode,
On Babiaca, well with trappings decked.

1716 Their flag they raise and from Valencia rushed.
Four thousand, lacking thirty, leads My Qid.
They willingly 'gainst fifty thousand go.
Then 'mongst them dashed Minaya Albarfañez
From other side and Albar Albaréz.
It pleased Creator — needs they must o'ercome.
My Qid his lance employed and grasped his sword.
So many Moors he slew, no count they took,
The blood a-dripping from the elbow down.
Three blows he dealt King Yusef. He escaped
By length of sword, for swiftly sped his steed.
Within Guiera stopped, a castle fair.
Thus far My Qid, he of Bivar, pursued,
And with him others of his vassals true.
Thence turned the one on hour propitious born.
He much rejoiced upon the chase they made.
There Babiéca, head to tail, he prized.
Within his hand this plunder all remained.
The fifty thousand men they count; and none
Beyond an hundred men and four escaped.
The forces of My Qid the camp have spoiled,
Three thousand marks in gold and silver found.
The other spoils they knew not what their sum.
My Qid and all his vassals joyed that God
Did grant them grace and they the field had won.
When thus Morocco's king they overcame,

1742 The Albarfañez left to learn the sum ;
Valencia entered with an hundred knights.
His face was grave, his arms he had removed ;
Thus sword in hand on Babieca came.
The waiting dames receive him, and My Quid
Before them stopped, his horse's reins he held :
" I bow before you, dames ; I gained for you
A mighty prize. While you Valencia held
I won the field. This God and all his saints
Desired, since when you came such spoil they gave.
Behold the bloody sword, the sweating steed ;
With such as this are Moors on field o'ercome.
Creator pray that he be spared to you
Yet many years. Ye shall to honor come,
And men shall kiss your hands." This spake My Quid,
Descending from his horse. When him they saw
On foot, for had he now dismounted, dames
And daughters and his wife, of worth so high,
Fell on their knees before the Campeador :
" Within your grace we rest, and may you live
Full many years." They turned them back with him
And passed within the palace. There they took
Fair seats beside him. " Dame Ximena, wife,
How didst thou not demand the thing of me ?
These dames you brought, who do so well attend you ;
With these my vassals would I marry them.
To each two hundred silver marks I give,
That folk may come to know within Castile
To whom they bear such service excellent.

Your daughters' case for other time be kept."

All rose and kissed his hands, and great the joy
 Throughout the palace. As My Qid hath said
 The thing was done. Minaya Albarfañez
 Within the camp remained with all these men
 Writing and counting. What with tents and arms
 And precious garments such a store they found
 That 'tis a mighty thing. It would relate
 A greater still: The number knew they not
 Of all the horses that in harness ran
 And none might take them. Doors within these lands
 Did thereby greatly gain. Despite all this,
 By lot there fell the Campeador renowned
 A thousand and five hundred goodly steeds.
 When fell My Qid such number, might the rest
 Be well content. So many beauteous tents,
 And tent-poles wrought, My Qid and vassals gained!
 The tent Morocco's ruler had which towers
 Above the others all, is raised aloft
 On tent-poles twain which are with gold inwrought;
 My Qid Ruy Diaz bade that tent to leave,
 And that no Christian bear it thence away.
 "Such tent as this, from out Morocco brought,
 It would Alfonso the Castilian send,
 That he believe the news about My Qid,
 How gain he hath." With such great wealth they passed
 Valencia's portal. Bishop Don Jerome,
 Most worthy tonsured one, how tired was he
 Of fight with both his hands, nor knows the sum

1795 Of Moors he slew. What fell by lot to him
Was very great. My Qid Don Roderick,
The born on hour propitious, bade a tithe
Of all his fifth be given unto him.

Throughout Valencia the Christian folk
Are joyful, such a store of wealth is theirs
And arms and horses. Glad was Dame Ximena,
Her daughters twain, and other ladies deemed
For marriage chosen. Naught delayed My Qid
The goodly man. "Where art thou, worthy one?
Minaya, hither come. No thanks bestow
For what by lot hath fallen unto you.

Without reserve I tell you take of this
My fifth whate'er you wish, the rest remain.
At morrow morn you must unfailing go
With steeds from this the fifth that I have gained,
With saddles, bridles, and with each a sword,
For love of wife and daughters twain of mine;
For hath he sent them to their own content.
These twice an hundred steeds as gifts shall go,
That may the King Alfonso speak no ill
Of him who rules Valencia." He bade
Pero Vermudez with Minaya go.

At morrow swiftly did they mount their steeds
And bear within their ranks two hundred men,
With salutations from the Qid, who kissed
The king's hands. As a gift he sent to him,
From out that fight he gained, two hundred steeds,
And service ever while remaineth life.

They have Valencia left and think to march.
Such spoil they bear, it needs must guarded be.
They march by night and day; they passed the range
That parts the other lands, and set themselves
To asking for my lord the King Alfonso.
They ranges, mountains, waters pass, and reach
Valladolid, where King Alfonso was.
A message, that he bid receive this band,
Pero Vermudez and Minaya sent:
"My Qid, he of Valencia, sends his gift."
The king was glad, ye ne'er beheld the like.
He bade his gentlemen all quickly mount.
Forth 'mongst the first the king, to look upon
Those sent from him on hour propitious born.
There know ye, drew the Lords of Carrion,
And Count Garcia, his evil enemy.
To some it brought content, but others grieved.
Who serve the one on hour propitious born
Beheld the thing, and did they deem it were
An army come, for herald brought they none.
My lord the King Alfonso crossed himself.
Then Per Vermudez with Minaya came.
They sprang to earth, dismounting from their steeds.
Upon their knees before the King Alfonso
They fall and kiss the earth and both his feet:
"Grace, King Alfonso, honor great is yours!
Upon My Qid the Campeador's behalf
For all of this we salutation bear.

1247 He names you Sire and holds himself your vassal.
The Qid esteems the honor you have done him
Most deeply. King, a fight he won of late
Against Morocco's ruler, Yusef named.
With fifty thousand drove them from the field.
The spoil he made is vast, and all enriched
His vassals have become. He sent to you
Two hundred steeds, and doth he kiss your hands."
Said King Alfonso: "Gladly take I them.
I thank My Qid that such a gift he sent me.
And may I yet the hour behold when he
Shall guerdon gain from me." This many pleased,
And did they kiss his hands. The Count Garcia
Was grieved and deeply angered, and he turned
Apart with ten among his family:
"A wonder 'tis about the Qid, that grows
So great his honor. We abased shall be
Through this his honor. Kings upon the field
He shamefully defeated, just as though
He slew them, sending unto us their steeds.
Through this his deed we ill at ease shall be."
King Don Alfonso spake, these words he said:
"Creator and the Lord Saint Isidore,
He of Leon, I render them my thanks
For these two hundred steeds My Qid hath sent.
Thenceforward were my kingdom better served.
Minaya Albarfanez, unto you,

187 And likewise you, Pero Vermudez, here,
I bid them honorably serve and clothe
Your persons, and equip with arms complete,
As here ye may desire, that well ye seem
Before My Qid Ruy Diaz. I bestow
Three steeds upon you, here accept of them.
Meseems, and doth the wish bespeak me, good
Shall all these novel happenings attain.”
They kissed his hands and unto rest retired.
He bade to serve them well of all they need.
I'd tell you of the Lords of Carrion.
With secret plan they counseled each with each:
“Great grows the reputation of My Qid.
His daughters let us ask of him to wed,
We shall advancement gain and grow in honor.”
They brought this secret plan to King Alfonso:
“As king and lawful liege, we ask you grace;
We wish with your advice to act, that ye
Demand the daughters of the Campeador.
For honor theirs and gain to us we seek
To wed them.” Long the king considered it
And pondered. “Did I banish from the land
The goodly Campeador, and bearing ill
Against him, great the good he rendered me.
I know not if this marriage would content him,
But will we entrance to the subject make,
Since you desire.” King Don Alfonso then
Called unto him Minaya Albarfañez,
Pero Vermudez likewise, and within

1896 A separate room he drew them: "Hark to me,
Minaya, and you, Pero Vermudez, hark.
My Quid the Campeador he serveth me;
I must requite. He shall my pardon have,
And let him seek an audience of me
Whene'er he wish. Within this court of mine
Are other matters: Diego and Hernando,
The Lords of Carrion, have wish to wed
His daughters twain. Be ye good messengers:
I beg you tell the worthy Campeador.
He shall in honor gain and grow in fief,
By taking unto him as sons-in-law
The Lords of Carrion." Minaya spake
(Pero Vermudez was content of it):
"The thing ye name we will request of him;
Thereafter let the Quid his pleasure do."
"Ruy Diaz, born on hour propitious, tell
That I'll to see him wheresoe'er he wish,
And where he names be that the boundary.
I would My Quid entreat in all things well."
They bade the king farewell, on this returned,
And they and all their men Valencia seek.
When learned thereof the worthy Campeador,
In haste he mounts and forth to greet them goes.
My Quid he smiled and well embraced he them.
"Come thou, Minaya, and thou likewise come,
Pero Vermudez. Few the lands that hold
Such pair of men. What salutations sends

1922 My liege Alfonso? Doth he rest content,
Or hath received the gift?" Minaya said:
"Content with heart and soul, and gives you love."
"Creator do I thank!" exclaimed My Qid.
In converse thus they near the question drew
Of how Alfonso of Leon had sought
That he bestow on Lords of Carrion
His daughters; that therein were honor his,
And would he grow in fief; with heart and soul
Thereunto did the king his counsel give.
When this the worthy Campeador had heard,
For long he thought and pondered over it.
"For this to Christ my Lord I render thanks.
I exiled was, of fief deprived. I gained
With heavy trouble what I now possess.
My thanks to God that grace of king is mine,
And that they do my daughters ask of me
For Lords of Carrion. Proud men are they,
And strong at court. It were no wish of mine,
This marriage; yet since he of greater worth
Than we advise it, let us talk thereon—
Upon this secret matter let us touch.
May God of Heaven the better way disclose!"
"Moreover, did Alfonso say to you
That would he come to see you where you chose.
He would behold and give his love to you.
Thereafter would ye better far accord."

1947 "How," said the Quid, "I am content at heart."

Minaya spake: "In whatsoever place

This meeting you will hold, 'tis yours to know."

"No marvel King Alfonso wished for it.

Until we found him would we search for him,

As king of all the land, to render him

Great honor. Yet the thing which he desired,

That were our own desire; and let us hold

The interview, since so my liege hath wish,

Beside the Tagus' bank, a mighty stream."

How letters were prepared, he sealed them well.

Two knights at once he did despatch with them:

The Campeador will do the king's desire.

Arrived in presence of the honored king,

They gave the letters. When he those beheld

At heart he joyed: "For me salute My Quid,

Who girded sword upon propitious hour.

And be the interview three weeks from this.

There, an alive, unfailing will I go."

Delay they not, My Quid again they seek.

Both sides prepare them for the interview.

Whoe'er throughout Castile beheld before

Such handsome mules and palfreys fair of gait,

Tall steeds and swift of foot and free of fault,

So many goodly pennons set upon

Fair shafts, and shields with gold and silver bossed,

Robes, furs, and sendals fair of Adria?

1972 Provisions great the king commanded sent
To Tagus' waters, where 'tis planned to hold
The interview. Full great the company
That goeth with the king, and high the joy
Of Lords of Carrion. To some they pay,
Of others do they borrow; for they see
Their gains already grow: whate'er they wish
Of wealth in gold or silver, deem 'tis theirs.
King Don Alfonso mounted steed in haste.
With troops in number, counts and potestates.
Full many led the Lords of Carrion.
And marched Gallegan troops beside the king,
With Leonese, and know, one might not count
The legions of Castile. The reins they slack
And straightway seek the interview. Within
Valencia My Quid the Campeador
Delayed not, for the interview prepared.
So many sturdy mules and palfreys sound,
So many goodly arms, fleet-footed steeds,
Pelisses, mantles, cloaks most fair to see!
In colors all are clad, both great and small.
Martin Muñoz, Minaya Albarfañez,
And Martin Antolinez, Burgales
Of noble reputation, and the best
Of tonsured ones, the Bishop Don Jerome;
Pero Vermudez, Albar Albarez,
And Muñoz Gustioz, distinguished knight;
Gallin Garcia, who came from Aragon,
And Albar Salvadorez; these prepare

199^b To join the Campeador with all the rest.
The Campeador bade Albar Salvadorez
And he of Aragon, Galin Garcia,
These two, as guard to hold Valencia,
And all within their power, with heart and soul.
Nor open night or day the Alcazar's gates.
Therein are found his wife and daughters twain,
And hath he placed in them his heart and soul—
And other dames who serve to their content.
Like worthy man, he prudently ordained
That none the Alcazar leave until the one
On hour propitious born return again.
They left Valencia and urged and spurred.
Full many steeds of war, both tall and fleet—
My Qid hath gained them, none have given them.
Now doth he go to seek the interview
Between himself and king agreed upon.
The king Alfonso came a day ere he.
When they perceived the worthy Campeador
Approaching, forth they went to welcome him
With greatest honor. When he saw the thing,
The born on hour propitious bade his men
To stay, except those knights he dearly loved.
As he on hour propitious born had planned,
With fifteen men to earth he cast himself.
With knees and hands he pressed the ground and took
The grasses of the field between his teeth,

2023 A=weeping, so profound the joy he felt.
So doth he know what way to homage bear
Before his liege Alfonso; at his feet
This wise he fell. The King Alfonso felt
Great grief thereat. "Now rise upon your feet,
Cid Campeador; not feet, but hands salute.
Refuse me this ye shall not have my love."
The Campeador remained upon his knees:
"I do implore your grace, my lawful liege,
I here in this position, grant to me
Your love, that all who present are may hear."
The king: "This will I do with heart and soul.
My pardon here I give you and my love,
Thenceforth to all my kingdom entrance grant."
Replied My Cid and said: "My liege Alfonso,
I thank you and accept it. I return
To God of Heaven, and after unto you,
My gratitude, and unto all these troops
Around us." Kneeling did he kiss his hands.
He rose and on the mouth saluted him.
The others all thereof rejoiced. It grieved
Garciordoñez, likewise Albardiaz.
Outspake My Cid, and these the words he said:
"For this I render the Creator thanks.
Since have I gained my liege Alfonso's grace
Will God protection grant me night and day.
Liege, an it be your pleasure, be my guest."
. . . . the king: "It were not seemly for to-day.

2048 You come but now, and we last night arrived.
And you my guest shall be, Quid Campeador.
To-morrow whatso please you will we do."
My Quid did yield, and kissed the royal hand.
Before him then the Lords of Carrion
Came humbly: "Quid, on hour propitious born,
We give you homage; whatsoever way
We may be able, we your welfare seek."
My Quid replied: "Creator so ordain!"
Upon that day the king received as guest
My Quid Ruy Diaz, born on hour propitious.
He loves him so he cannot tire of him.
He gazed upon his beard, so swiftly grown.
Each person present marvelled at My Quid.
That day has passed and hath the night arrived.
Clear rose the sun upon the morrow morn.
The Campeador gave order to his men
For all those present to prepare a meal.
My Quid the Campeador in such a way
Doth treat them. All were joyful and agreed
That past three years they ate no better meal.
At other morn, when first the sun arose,
The Bishop Don Jerome recited mass.
At leaving mass they all together come.
The king, delaying not, began to speak:
"Attend me, followers, counts, infanzones.

How would I pray My Qid the Campeador,
 And Christ ordain it be to his advantage.
 Your daughters, Dame Elvira and Dame Sol,
 I ask that ye on Lords of Carrion
 As wives bestow them. Fraught with great advantage
 And honor seems this marriage unto me.
 They ask it you, and I command it you.
 My men or yours, from either side, here present,
 How may they intercessors be. My Qid,
 Creator guard you, give them unto us."

The Campeador replied: "No children mine
 To wed; their age is tender, few their days.
 Of high degree the Lords of Carrion.
 For daughters mine or higher were they fit.
 I have begotten both, and you have raised them;
 Within your mercy they and I remain.
 Within your hand behold them, Dame Elvira
 And Sol, on whomsoe'er ye choose bestow,
 For am I satisfied." Then said the king:
 "Thanks unto you and unto all this court."
 Then straight arose the Lords of Carrion;
 The hands of him on hour propitious born
 They go to kiss. Before the King Alfonso
 Their swords exchange. King Don Alfonso spake
 As lord most worthy: "Qid, both grace and thanks—
 But first be praised Creator — since you give me

2096 Your daughters for the Lords of Carrion.
Within my hands I both hereon receive,
Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, and, affianced,
Upon the Lords of Carrion bestow.
'Tis I who make, with your approving love,
Your daughters' marriages, and may it please
Creator that you thence contentment gain.
Behold, the Lords of Carrion are now
Within your hands; hereafter let them go
With you, for hence I turn me back again.
Three hundred marks of silver give I them
To aid them. Let the wedding be where'er
You please: within Valencia the great,
Since 'tis within your power. Your sons-in-law
Are children unto you, as are your daughters,
Act, Campeador, as you desire with them."
My Qid received them, and he kissed his hands.
"Profound my thanks to you as king and liege.
We wed my daughters, for I give them not."
It is agreed, at morn, when sun shall rise,
That whence he came shall each of them return.
There generous deeds My Qid the Campeador
Began to do. Of mules full many, strong,
And palfreys sound, began My Qid to give
To whomsoever wished to take his gift,
So many goodly garments, rich are they;
To each whate'er he asked, he none refused.
My Qid presented sixty steeds as gifts.

2179 Content are all who saw the interview.

They wished to part, for now the night had come.
The king hath ta'en the lords by hand and placed them
In power of My Qid the Campeador.

"Behold your sons, for sons-in-law are they.
Hence know ye how to treat them, Campeador."

"I thank you, king, and do I take your gift.
And God in Heaven fair guerdon grant me thence."

My Qid on Bableca sprang, his steed :

"In presence of my liege, the King Alfonso,
I here proclaim, whoe'er would seek with me
The nuptials, or desires my gift to take,
In joining me I deem it were his gain.

I grace implore from you, my lawful king.

Since ye my daughters unto marriage gave,
As ye desire, and since ye take them, now
To some one give the power to bestow.

Unto the lords my hand shall give them not,
Nor shall they have therefrom a cause to boast."

The king replied: "See, Albarfañez, here,
Take you their hands and give them to the lords,
As I do, just as in my presence they.

Be ye a guardian unto them throughout
The time of their betrothal. When again
We meet ye shall relate me what befell."

Said Albarfañez: "Sire, it pleaseth me."

Be sure this all is planned with greatest care.

"King Don Alfonso, now, most honored sire,

2143 In memory of our meeting take my gift:

I bring you twenty palfreys, well equipped,
And thirty horses fleet, with saddles fair.

Thereof accept, and do I kiss your hands."

King Don Alfonso said: "In deep confusion
Ye cast me. I accept this gift ye sent.

Creator may it please, and all his saints,
To crown with guerdon fair this joy you give me.

My Qid Ruy Diaz, hast thou honored me
Most highly; I full well am served by you;

I am content thereof, and while you live

I hope you something still may gain from me.

I leave this meeting and to God commend you.

Lo! God of Heaven ordain that all be well!"

Now from his liege Alfonso parts My Qid.

The king sought not his escort; soon he left.

And knights who ride full well ye there had seen

Kiss King Alfonso's hands and take their leave.

"Now grace be thine, and this permission grant us:

We will depart and seek Valencia

The greater, 'neath the power of My Qid;

The marriage of the Lords of Carrion

With daughters of My Qid, the dames Elvira

And Sol, we will attend." This pleased the king.

He gave them all permission. Grew the band

My Qid commands, but doth the king's decrease.

2166 The Campeador hath mighty following.

They straightway seek Valencia, the place
That he upon a time propitious gained.

Pero Vermudez, Muño Gustioz,

(In My Qid's house no better two were found),

To learn the ways of Lords of Carrion,

He bade attend Hernando and Diego.

Hsur Gonzalez see, a restless man;

Long-tongued is he, but otherwise less his worth.

Great honor to the Lords of Carrion

They give. Behold them in Valencia,

Which gained My Qid. When there they had arrived

The joy was great. Then did My Qid address

Don Pero, likewise Muño Gustioz:

"A palace give the Lords of Carrion

And rest ye with them, thus I bid ye do.

At morning when the sun arise shall they

Their wives, Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, see."

Within their quarters through the night they rest.

My Qid the Campeador hath passed within

The Alcazar. Dame Ximena welcomed him

And both his daughters. "Come ye, Campeador,

In hour propitious didst thou gird thy sword,

And may our eyes behold you many days!"

"Thanks be Creator, honored wife, I come.

I bring you sons-in-law whence honor ours.

My daughters, thank me, have I wed ye well."

2190 Both wife and daughters kiss his hands, and all
The dames who bear attendance unto them.
“Creator and fair-bearded Quid be praised!
Whate'er ye do, in goodly guise is done.
They will not be in want through all your days.”
“Since you will wed us may we well be rich.”
“Wife, Dame Ximena, unto the Creator
I render thanks. I say, ye daughters mine,
Sol and Elvira, we in honor rise
From this your marriage. Learn, however, well
The truth that 'twas not I who made the plan.
My liege Alfonso hath solicited
And asked for ye so firmly and in such
An heartfelt way I might deny him naught.
Within his hands I place ye, daughters twain.
I know well 'tis he who weds you, 'tis not I.”
Thereon they think the palace to prepare.
From floor aloft with hangings well 'tis decked.
Such great array of purple and of samite
And precious stuffs, ye would have joyed to be
And dine within the palace. All his knights
Are soon assembled. Thereupon they sought
The Lords of Carrion. Then forward rode
The lords and straightway they the palace sought,
In goodly garments, valiantly equipped,
On foot and joyous—God, how calm were they!

2214 My Quid and all his vassals welcomed them.
They gave him homage and his wife as well,
Thereafter sought a seat of fair design.
So well they know their part who serve My Quid,
That all attentively await the one
Who was upon an hour propitious born.
Arose the Campeador: "Since this we must,
Why make delay? Come hither, Albarfañez,
The man I love and cherish. There behold
My daughters twain; within your hands I place them.
And learn I promised thus the king; his wish
In aught I would not fail. With your own hand
Bestow them on the Lords of Carrion,
And be the marriage blessings given them,
And let us act with caution." Thereupon
Minaya answered: "This I'll gladly do."
They straight arose and placed them in his charge.
Minaya spake the Lords of Carrion:
"Lo! Both ye brothers stand before Minaya.
By King Alfonso's hand, who bade it me,
These ladies I deliver unto you —
They both are nobly born—that ye as wives
With honor and consideration take."
They both received them gladly, lovingly.
They seek My Quid and wife to kiss their hands.
This done, they left the palace. Speedily

2238 They sought Saint Mary's. Bishop Don Jerome
In haste his vestments donned, awaiting them
Beside the portal of the church, and gave
His blessing unto them and chanted mass.
The church departing, very swift they rode,
And out across Valencia's Glera sped.
Ah, God! how nobly did My Qid and all
His vassals bear their arms! Thrice changed his steed
The one upon an hour propitious born.
My Qid was well content with what he saw.
The Lords of Carrion have ridden well.
They turned within Valencia with their dames.
Within the Alcazar honored, sumptuous,
The nuptials were. Upon the morrow caused
My Qid to be upraised tablados seven.
They broke them all before they went to dine.
Full fifteen days they spent upon the weddings.
The fifteen days near past, the nobles leave.
My Qid Don Roderick, he born upon
An hour propitious, presents hath bestowed
In number to an hundred, what with mules
And palfreys, beasts of burden, horses fleet,
Pelisses, cloaks, and other garments long.
Of money coined no counting was there made.
The vassals of My Qid are thus agreed:
Each one hath made his presents for himself.
And whoso sought for wealth was well supplied.

225r Unto Castile with riches all returned,
Of those who went, the marriage to attend.
Now part those guests; Ruy Diaz bid farewell,
The man upon an hour propitious born,
And all the dames and lords of high degree.
They leave My Qid and vassals well content.
Great meed of praise they give them, for 'tis just.
Delighted were Diego and Hernando:
These of Count Don Gonzalo were the sons.
Those guests have reached Castile. My Qid within
Valencia rests with both his sons-in-law
And there the lords about two years remained.
The love bestowed on them was very great.
My Qid was joyful and his vassals all.
Saint Mary and the Holy Father joyed
That of this marriage was content My Qid,
Now draw to end the verses of this song.
Creator be your guard, with all his saints.
X My Qid with all his vassals was within
Valencia. And both his sons-in-law —
The Lords of Carrion — were with him there.
Upon a bench he lay — the Campeador
Was sleeping. Know ye, fell an evil thing.
The lion left his cage and broke away.
In great alarm they saw him mid the court.
Thereon the men who serve the Campeador,
Their mantles bind around their arms and draw
About the bench and stand above their lord.

No place to hide Hernan Gonzalez saw,
 Nor open room nor tower. So great his fear
 He crept beneath the couch. Diego Gonzalez
 Rushed forth and cried, "I'll ne'er see Carrion."
 In fear he crouched behind a wine-press beam.
 All stained, his cloak and tunic forth he drew.
 Then waked the one on hour propitious born;
 His good men round about the couch beheld.
 "What thing is this, my men, what seek ye here?"
 "How, honored liege, the lion startled us."
 My Qid upon his elbow leaned; he rose,
 His cloak about his neck, and straight advanced
 Against the lion. When the lion thus
 Perceived him, was he shamed. He bowed his head
 And bent his visage down before My Qid.
 Then seized his neck, My Qid Don Roderick;
 He led him straight and placed him in his cage.
 And all those present deemed it marvellous.
 They through the palace passed and toward the court.
 My Qid demanded where his sons-in-law
 Might be, and found them not. Although they called,
 Did neither make reply. When found they them
 And near they drew, all colorless they came.
 Such mirth as filled the court ye ne'er beheld.
 My Qid the Campeador he bade it cease.
 The Lords of Carrion esteemed them grieved
 Most deeply. What befell them sorely weighed.
 While thus their state, whence very sore their grief,

2312 To siege Valencia came Morocco's hosts,
And fifty thousand mighty tents they raised.
This was King Bucar, an ye've heard it told. X
My Qid and all his barons much rejoiced
That, thanks to the Creator, doth increase
The booty unto them. But be ye sure
It grieves at heart the Lords of Carrion,
For see they such a host of Moorish tents,
Which liked they not. Both brothers turned aside.
"Now let us gain attend, not loss. This fight
We needs must join; 'twere way to see no more
Of Carrion, and widows will be left
The daughters of the Campeador." O'erheard
The secret talk that Muño Gustioz.
My Qid Ruy Diaz, Campeador, he told
This news: "Behold how fear your sons-in-law,
So very brave they are! Because they needs
Must battle join they long for Carrion.
Go comfort them. Creator lend you aid!
Here let them rest in peace, nor share therein.
We'll win with you and will Creator aid us."
With smile on lips, My Qid Don Roderick went:
"May God preserve you, sons-in-law of mine,
Ye Lords of Carrion! Within your arms
Ye hold my daughters: white as sun are they.
I seek the fight and ye seek Carrion.
Within Valencia take your ease in full.
For do I know these Moors, and I engage,
With grace of the Creator, to o'ercome them.

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"And may he yet behold the hour when ye
 Deserve as much." Together both returned.
 Agreed Don Pero; how Hernando joyed!
 My Qid and all his vassals bath it pleased.
 "If God and he, the Father who doth dwell
 On high, desire, my sons-in-law shall yet
 Both prove them worthy men upon the field."
 Thus speaking, they advance, the troops approach;
 Within the Moorish army sound the drums.
 Among these Christians many marvelled deep,
 For, newly come, they ne'er had seen the like.
 Diego and Hernando marvelled more;
 There had they never come by will of theirs.
 Attend ye now the words that spake the one
 Who was upon an hour propitious born:
 "Ho! nephew dear of mine, Pero Vermudez!
 Guard me Diego, Don Hernando too,
 My sons-in-law, the ones I dearly love.
 The Moors will fly the field, God aiding us."
 "'Twere in all charity I tell you, Qid,
 The lords this day in me no guardian find.
 Who likes may guard them, for they're naught to me.
 I wish to strike in front with all my men.
 Hold ye position firm with yours at rear;
 If harm befall ye, we may well assist."
 Thereon Minaya Albarfañez came:
 "Qid Campeador, the loyal, hear me now!
 This battle the Creator will arrange,
 And you, who worthily his favor hold,
 Bid us to strike them where you deem it well.

This duty each shall do. We'll seek them out
With help of God, and 'neath your auspices."

My Quid replied: "More slowly let us act."

Lo! Bishop Don Jerome full well is armed.

He stopped before the Campeador, who aye

hath goodly auspices: "To-day for you

I said the mass of Holy Trinity.

For this I left my land, and sought for you,

Through eagerness of mine for slaying Moors.

My order and my hands I wished to honor.

And would I be the first to seek these blows.

Pennon with cross I bear and arms of mark.

Please God, I'd try them, that my heart rejoice

And you, My Quid, of me be more content.

If you deny this favor would I leave you."

Then said the Quid: "Your wish doth please me. Look!

The Moors in sight! To prove them go ye forth.

From here we'll watch how doth the abbot fight."

Set spurs and went the Bishop Don Jerome

To fall upon them at the camp's extent.

Thanks unto fortune and to God who loved,

Two Moors with lance he slew at first attack.

The shaft he broke, he laid his hand on sword.

The bishop proved him — God, how well he fought!

Two did he slay with lance and five with sword.

2300 The Moors are many, round him close they draw.
Great blows they deal, but never pierce his arms.
The horn on hour propitious watched him close.
His shield he grasped and drooped his lance's point.
Set spurs to Babieca, nimble steed ;
With heart and soul he forth to strike them went.
Among the first lines dashed the Campeador.
He seven hurled to earth and four he slew.
It pleased God, there the victory was gained.
My Qid and his retainers make pursuit.
There had ye seen full many cords to break,
And stakes uptorn and fair-wrought tent-poles fall.
My Qid's men Bucar's drive without the tents.
X They drive them from the tents and start in chase.
Full many arms in cuirass had ye seen
Asunder fall. Full many heads with helms
That fall upon the field, steeds riderless
That unto all directions take their flight.
Full seven miles the chase endured. My Qid
Pursued King Bucar. "Hither Bucar turn!
Thou cam'st from o'er the sea. And must thou meet
The Qid, the man of mighty beard ; we both
Must needs salute each other, friendship form."
Said Bucar to the Qid: "May God confound
Such friendship! Dost thou hold the naked sword
Within thy hand, I see thee spur thy steed.
Meseems ye seek to try it upon me.

2415 But if my steed slip not, nor fall with me,
He'll not o'ertake me ere I gain the sea."
Thereon the Qid replied: "'Twill not be so."
Good steed hath Bucar, mighty leaps he makes;
But Babieca, that My Qid bestrides,
Goes gaining on him. Bucar did the Qid
O'ertake within three arms' lengths of the sea;
On high Colada raised and dealt to him
A mighty blow, the carbuncles he burst
Asunder from the helm. The helm he cut,
And bared the rest. The sword hath reached the waist.
The Bucar slew, the king from o'er the sea,
Gizon he won — a thousand marks of gold
'Tis worth. He gained the great and wondrous fight.
My Qid himself and all hath honored here.
This plunder bearing now they turn them back.
I know ye they plundered thoroughly the camp.
They reached the tent wherein was found the one
On hour propitious born. My Qid Ruy Diaz,
The Campeador, renowned, he passed across
The field of slaughter hastily; he bore
Two swords he valued much, his face was drawn,
His helmet loose, the coil upon his hair
In uttermost disorder. Saw My Qid
A certain thing whereof he was content.
He raised his eyes, before him gazing stood.

2140 He saw Diego and Hernando come.

Are both of them Count Don Gonzalo's sons.

My Qid rejoiced, and smiling pleasantly:

"Ye come, my sons-in-law, both sons of mine.

I know with fighting are ye well content.

Good news to Carrion of you shall go,

Of how we have King Bucar overcome.

As I in God have trust and all his saints,

We will contented leave this victory."

Minaya Albarfañez now has come.

This shield he bears about his neck, all marked

With sword-blows; and the lance thrusts none may count.

The ones who struck against him reached him not.

From elbow was the blood a-dripping down,

And hath he slain above a score of Moors.

This vassals now from every hand arrive.

"Thank God and Father who doth dwell on high

And you, Qid, born upon propitious hour!

Slain hast thou Bucar, and we won the field.

And all this wealth your vassals' is and yours.

And here your sons-in-law have trial had,

Aweary fighting Moors upon the field."

My Qid replied: "I am of that content.

If worthy now, they shall in future come

To high esteem." My Qid thus spake for good,

But they in evil part received his words.

2465 Within Valencia all the spoil hath come.
My Qid and all his men rejoyce, for fell
His share to each six hundred silver marks.
When from this rout My Qid's two sons-in-law
Received this wealth, and in their keeping held it,
They deemed they ne'er through all their lives should want.
Full well equipped, they sought Valencia,
With goodly store of food, fair skins and cloaks.
My Qid and vassals very joyful were.
Great court the Campeador maintained that day,
For won the fight, and he King Bucar slew.
He raised his hand aloft, and grasped his beard:
"My thanks to Christ, the Lord of Earth, I give,
Since I behold the thing I wished: that both
My sons-in-law have fought with me afield.
To Carrion will go good news of them,
How honored they; and have ye high success.
The spoils that all have gained are very great.
One portion is our own, the rest is theirs."
Then bade My Qid, on hour propitious born,
That all from out that fight they won should have
Their portion fair, nor be his fifth forgot.
Thus do they all, for knew they well their part.
Six hundred steeds, and other beasts of toil,

2490 And many camels, fell the Qid as fifth.
Their sum is such they might not counted be.
The Campeador this booty all hath gained.
"My thanks to God, the Lord of all the Earth.
Before I was in want, now rich am I.
For have I wealth and land and gold and fief,
And Lords of Carrion, my sons-in-law.
I battles gain, as doth Creator please.
Great fear of me both Moors and Christians have.
Within Morocco there, where are the mosques,
They'll fear, perchance, some night attack from me.
They fear it, but I do not think thereon.
I'll seek them not, but in Valencia rest.
Creator aiding, shall they render me
Their tribute, or to me or whom I will."
Within Valencia the joy is great
Beside My Qid the Campeador, and all
His vassals and his companies rejoice.
His sons-in-law are both with joy elate.
Upon that rout where fought with courage they,
Both gained the value of five thousand marks.
The Lords of Carrion esteem them rich.
Together with the rest they sought the court.
The Bishop Don Jerome is present here
Beside My Qid, the goodly Albarfanez,
The fighting knight, and many more of those
The Campeador had raised. When entered there
The Lords of Carrion, Minaya gave them

“Come hither, kinsmen, more our worth through you.”

Content the Campeador since they had come :

“See, sons-in-law, my worthy wife is here,
And daughters twain, Dame Sol and Dame Elvira.

May they embrace ye well and serve of heart.

We overcame the Moors upon the field,

And that King Bucar slew, proved traitor he.

Saint Mary, mother of Lord God, I thank.

From these our marriages ye'll honor win.

To lands of Carrion fair news will go.”

Upon these words Hernan Gonzalez spake :

“Creator and you, honored Qid, I thank.

Such wealth is ours that is it counted not.

Through you we honor have, and have we fought.

The rest attend, for ours we safely hold.”

Then smiled the vassals of My Qid; they thought

On who had fought the best and who had joined

Upon the chase, but there they neither found

Diego nor Hernando. Through those jests

They raised and through their sorely mocking them,

By night or day, these lords concerted ill.

They turned apart, in truth they brothers are !

No part be ours in this the thing they said.

“Now seek we Carrion, too long we stay.

The wealth we hold is great and plentiful,

And while we live we could not spend it all.

From Qid the Campeador our wives we'll ask,

254 And say to lands of Carrion we bear them.
Where lie their heritages must we show.
Must take them from the Campeador's control
And from Valencia; later, by the way,
We'll do our will, ere they recall the lion.
We, Lords of Carrion by birth, shall bear
Possessions great, of mighty worth. We will
Insult the daughters of the Campeador.
With these possessions ever rich we'll be;
May daughters wed of kings and emperors:
For we by birth are Lords of Carrion.
'Tis thus we will, ere they recall the lion,
Insult the daughters of the Campeador."
With that design returned they both again.
Hernan Gonzalez spake and stilled the court:
"Creator be your guard, Old Campeador!
An't please first you, and likewise Dame Ximena,
Minaya Hibarfañez and all here,
Restore our wives, we took in wedlock blessed.
For would we to our lands of Carrion
Convey and set them in the towns we gave
For dowers and fiefs. Your daughters shall behold
What wealth is ours, our children what their share."
The Campeador replied: "I'll give to you
My daughters, likewise something else of mine."
And said the Qid, who there no insult feared:
"You gave them towns and lands in Carrion
For dower. Three thousand silver marks would I
As bridal gift bestow, and unto you
Both palfreys, large and sound, and mules and steeds

2573 For warlike service, strong and fleet of foot,
And many garments, cloth and ciclaton ;
Two swords, Colada and Gizon, I'll give.
In manly guise I won them, well ye know.
Ye both are sons of mine, since I bestow
My daughters on ye. Thence ye bear away
The tissues of my heart. And let them know
Within Leon, Galicia, and Castile
How rich I sent my sons-in-law away.
My daughters, since they are your wives, attend.
Serve ye them well and I'll fair guerdon give."
The Lords of Carrion they promised this,
Receive the daughters of the Campeador,
And what the Qid ordained begin to take.
When they to their desire were satisfied,
How bade the Lords of Carrion to load.
Throughout Valencia the great the news
Spread wide. They all take arms and hard they ride
To escort bear to lands of Carrion
The daughters of the Campeador. And now
They seek to mount their steeds, their leave they take.
Before Qid Campeador the sisters both,
Sol and Elvira, fell upon their knees :
" We ask your grace, Creator guard you, sire !
Thou hast begotten us, our mother bare,
And both before us, lord and lady, stand.
Ye send us now to lands of Carrion.

Your bidding 'tis our duty to fulfil.

We both implore your grace, and may ye have
Reports of us in lands of Carrion."

My Quid embraced them, and he kissed them both.

Thus he, the mother twice that love displayed.

"My daughters go, Creator lend you aid!

We bear with you your father's grace and mine.

To Carrion depart, where heritage

We hold. I deem I well have married ye."

The mother's and the father's hands they kissed.

They blessed them both and gave to them their grace.

My Quid and all the others thought to mount,

With great display of vestments, horses, arms.

Now forth from bright Valencia go the lords,

And bid the dames and all their friends farewell.

And through Valencia's Buerta armed they go.

My Quid was gay and all his company.

The one who sword on hour propitious girt,

In auguries had seen these marriages

Would not be free of some unsightly stain.

He might not change, for had he married both.

"Where art thou, Helez Muñoz, nephew mine?

Of those two daughters of my heart and soul

Thou art the cousin; and I bid ye go

Along with them as far as Carrion.

The heritage my daughters each receive

We shall behold. With that report return

Unto the Campeador." Helez Muñoz

Made answer: "Doth it please me, heart and soul."

3624 Minaya Albarfanez stopped before

My Quid: "Back now to great Valencia, Quid;
We'll go, please God and Father the Creator,
To visit them in lands of Carrion.

Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, we commend you
To God, and may your actions bring us joy."

The sons-in-law replied: "God so ordain!"

The grief was deep at parting. From his heart
The father wept, and wept his daughters sore,
And so the knights who serve the Campeador.

"Thou Helez Muñoz, nephew, hark! We will
Molina pass, a night ye there will spend.

Salute my friend, the Moor Avengalvon;

As best he may my sons-in-law receive.

And say, to lands of Carrion I sent

My daughters, let their every wish be filled.

Therefrom escort them to Medina town

For love of me. For whatsoever he do,

I will a goodly guerdon render him."

As nail from flesh they part. Now seeks again

Valencia the one upon an hour

Propitious born. The Lords of Carrion

Bethink to go. Their camp they made about

Saint Mary's of Albarrazin. The Lords

Of Carrion at utmost speed they spurred.

Behold them in Molina with the Moor

Avengalvon. It pleased the Moor at heart

When he had learned it. Forth to greet them went

With hearty demonstrations of his joy.

God, how he served them well, to their content!

At morrow morn he rode with them and bade
 Two hundred knights escort. They set to cross
 The mountains called Luzon's. The Moor bestowed
 His gifts upon the daughters of the Qid,
 Fair steeds to both the Lords of Carrion.
 They Arburuelo crossed and reached Jalon.
 They camped where 'tis the Anssarera named.
 All this the Moor hath done for love he bore
 Qid Campeador. The brothers saw the wealth.
 The Moor displayed, they planned a traitor act:
 "Now since the daughters of the Campeador
 We needs must leave, an we might slay the Moor
 Hyengalvon, his wealth to us would fall.
 As surely ours as that in Carrion;
 And never would Qid Campeador obtain
 His right of us." When those of Carrion
 Discussed this wickedness, a Moor adept
 Of Latin tongue well understood their words.
 He hid it not but told Hyengalvon:
 "Master, thou art my liege, have care of these;
 I overheard the Lords of Carrion
 Your death concert." The Moor Hyengalvon
 Was very brave, and with the men he hath,
 Two hundred, rode, and bearing arms he stopped
 Before the lords. His words please not the lords:
 "Tell me, ye Lords of Carrion, what harm
 I bore ye? While I serve ye free of guile,
 Ye plot my death. An checked I not myself,
 For reason of My Qid, he of Bivar,

2678 I'd do ye such 'twould sound throughout the world.

This daughters to the loyal Campeador
I then would bear. And never Carrion
Should ye behold again. I leave ye here
As evil ones and traitors. I will go,
Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, with your grace.
I low esteem the news of those who come
From Carrion. God, Lord of all the earth,
So will it and ordain that through this marriage
The Campeador have cause to joy!" The Moor
Thus spake and turned him back. Their arms in hand,
They crossed Jalon. Like prudent man he sought
Molina. Now the Lords of Carrion
The Anssarera left. By day and night
They hasten on their march; and on the left
They Atienza leave, a rock of strength.
Miedes' mountains then they passed, and spurred
Across the mountains clear; and Griza town,
Peopled by Alamos, to left they leave.
The caves are there wherein he Alpha shut.
To right Saint Stephen's leave, which lies beyond.
Mid Corpes' wood of oak the lords have come;
The trees are high, the branches reach the clouds,
And wild beasts roam about on every hand.
A wooded spot and limpid stream they found.
The Lords of Carrion bade fix the tents.
With all their following this night they lay,
Their wives within their arms—they showed them love.
At sunrise ill they proved it. Word they gave
To load the mighty wealth upon the beasts.

2706 The tent was folded where they passed the night.
Retainers of their house before them went.
Thus did the Lords of Carrion command :
That none, nor man nor woman, save the dames
Sol and Alvira, their two wives, remain.
They would enact on them their utmost wish.
They all have gone, these four alone remain.
Great evil planned the Lords of Carrion.
" Dame Sol and Dame Alvira, trust it well,
Ye here amid these wilds shall insult bear.
This day we go and ye'll be left by us,
Nor shall ye share in lands of Carrion.
This news will reach Quid Campeador, and thus
We will avenge us for the thing which fell
About the lion." Then they took from them
Their cloaks and their pelisses; save chemise
And ciclaton, they left them nude. Their spurs
They wear, the evil traitors. And they grasp
Within their hands the girths both strong and hard.
When that the dames beheld, cried Lady Sol:
" For God's sake, Don Diego and Hernando,
We pray ye, two keen swords and strong ye have,
Colada one, the other named Gizon;
Cut off our heads, we will be martyrs then.
Of this both Moor and Christian would agree,
That was our treatment not to our deserts.
Make not upon us such examples ill.
An we ill-treated be, ye shame yourselves.
In interview or cortes will they make
Demand of you for payment." What the dames

2734 Implored of them did no advantage bring.
Thereon the Lords of Carrion began
To strike them, beat them sore with loosened girths.
With spurs so keen, whereof their pain was great,
Chemise of both they broke, and tore the flesh ;
Upon the ciclaton the blood ran clear.
And now they anguish bear within their hearts.
What fortune had Creator so been pleased
That on this hour Qid Campeador appear!
They scourged them so they all unconscious lay,
All blood bestained chemise and ciclaton.
They both are tired with striking, strive they both
Which better blows shall deal. The ladies now,
Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, cannot speak ;
For dead 'mid Corpes' oaken wood they left them.
They took away their cloaks and ermine skins.
But beaten, there, in tunic and chemise,
To savage beasts and mountain birds, they left them.
Know ye, for dead, not living, left them there !
What fair chance had Qid Campeador come then !
The Lords of Carrion, in oaken wood
Of Corpes, did for dead abandon them,
That might the one no aid the other bear.
Where, through the mountains, they their journey took,
Themselves congratulating did they go.
"How have we vengeance from our marriages.
Nor should we ever, were we not implored,

2760 Have e'en as concubines accepted them,
For they were not our equals, for our arms.
Avenged will be the shame about the lion."
Rejoicing go the Lords of Carrion.
But will I tell you of that Helez Muñoz.
The nephew was of Quid the Campeador.
Ahead they sent him, but he liked it not.
Upon the road his heart it grieved him sore.
He drew apart from all the rest, and 'mid
A coppice Helez Muñoz hid himself
Till he should see his cousins twain go past,
Or what the Lords of Carrion had done.
He saw them come, and heard their talk, but they
Nor saw nor had suspicion. Know ye well
That, had they seen him, death he had not 'scaped.
The lords depart; they spurred upon their way.
Back Helez Muñoz turned along the track.
There found his cousins both near death. He sprang
In haste to earth, with cries of "Cousins! cousins!"
His steed by bridle fastened, straight to them
He made his way. "How, cousins, cousins mine,
Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, ill indeed
The Lords of Carrion have treated ye!
Please God and please Saint Mary that therefrom
They evil guerdon win." How both began
Once more to gain their consciousness. So great
Was their confusion that they naught could say.
It tore the inmost fabric of his heart.
"Cousins," he cried. "Dame Sol and Dame Elvira,
Cousins, oh cousins, for Creator's love

2789 (Awake while yet) 'tis day, ere come the night.

Wild beasts devour us not within this wood!"

Dame Sol and Dame Elvira slowly gain

Their consciousness and, opening their eyes,

They Helez Muñoz saw: "Now courage take,

My cousins, for the love of the Creator!

When they, the Lords of Carrion, shall miss me,

I shall thereon in greatest haste be sought.

And God no aid provide, we perish here."

With pain profound then spake the lady Sol:

"My cousin, and our sire the Campeador

Deserve that thing of you, give unto us

Some water, so Creator be your aid!"

Within a hat that Helez Muñoz had—

He brought it from Valencia, new and fresh—

He water took and to his cousins bore.

Sore wounded they, and both he satisfied.

He urged them much until he seated them,

And still he doth encourage and exhort,

Until their strength returns; then both he took

And swiftly on the horse he mounted them,

And both of them within his mantle wrapped.

He grasped the horse's rein and thence they went,

All three together, through the oaken wood

Of Corpes; 'tween the night and day they left

The mountains. To the Duero's stream they came.

He left them at the Dame Urraca's tower.

And Helez Muñoz to Saint Stephen's came.

Diego Gellez, he of Albarfañez,

2875 He found, When that he heard, it grieved him sore.
With beasts and garments rich he journeyed forth
Dame Sol and Dame Elvira to receive.
Within Saint Stephen's town established them,
And there he honored them as best he might.
Saint Stephen's people aye were prudent folk;
When this they learned they sorely grieved, and gave
The daughters of the Quid encouragement.
And there they rested till their strength returned.
Now ill betide the Lords of Carrion!
At heart the good king Don Alfonso grieved.
This news hath reached Valencia the great;
And when they told My Quid the Campeador,
For long he thought and pondered over it.
His hand he raised, he grasped his beard: "To Christ
The Lord of earth be praise, since honor such
The Lords of Carrion have paid to me!
By this same beard, that man hath never plucked,
The Lords of Carrion shall profit not,
For will I yet full well my daughters wed!"
It grieves the Quid and all his court as well,
And Albarfañez' heart and soul it grieved.
Pero Vermudez with Minaya rode,
And Martin Antolinez, worthy knight,
Of Burgos town, and went with them as well
Two hundred knights, My Quid commanded them:
He bade them haste by night and day to bring
His daughters to Valencia the great.

2841 They naught delay their lord's behest. In haste
They mount and march by night and day, and reach
Saint Stephen of Gormaz, a castle strong.
There truly found a night's repose. The news
Of how Minaya seeks his cousins twain
Hath reached Saint Stephen's, and Saint Stephen's folk
Right well receive Minaya and his men.
Great feast that night they offer to Minaya.
His gratitude he showed, but naught would take:
"Saint Stephen's men, my thanks, for are ye wise.
My Qld the Campeador, from where he waits,
Returns ye many thanks for this respect
That ye have rendered him in what befell,
And as I likewise render, who am here.
Lo, God of Heaven fair guerdon grant ye thence!"
They thank him all and are content of him;
Then straightway sought their camp, to rest this night.
Minaya sought his cousins where they stay.
Dame Sol and Dame Elvira gaze on him:
"As we had looked upon Creator's face
So do we render unto you our thanks.
Be grateful unto Him that still we live.
And will we learn, in leisure time, a way
Our evil fortune's story to relate."
Whereat the dames and Albarfañez wept.
Pero Vermudez likewise spake to them:
"Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, have no care,
Since are ye living, well and free from ill.
Fair weddings lost ye; may ye better gain.

286 The day we may avenge you may we see."

That night with great rejoicing there they spent.
At morrow morn they thought to mount their steeds.
Saint Stephen's folk escort them to the stream,
Both love and consolation bearing them.
There took they leave and thought upon return.
Minaya and the dames straight forward went.
They passed the town of Alcoceba by
On right hand of Saint Stephen of Gormaz;
They sought a place to camp, the King's Hord called;
And lodged within Berlanga town. At morn
They left and sought a rest within the place
Medina named; on other day they marched
The space between Medina and Molina.
Right well it pleased the Moor Avengalvon;
He went to greet, and there before them spread
A sumptuous feast, for love he bears My Qid.
Then straight they sought Valencia. And the word
Was brought to him on hour propitious born.
In haste he mounts and forth to greet them goes.
In arms he sallied; great the joy he showed.
There went My Qid his daughters to embrace.
He greeted both with kisses and with smiles:
"Come, daughters mine; may God from evil guard!
The marriage I endured, nor dared object.
Creator who in heaven doth rest, be pleased
That I hereafter see ye better wed!
God grant me vengeance on my sons-in-law,
The Lords of Carrion!" His daughters then
Upon their father's hands their kisses pressed

2896 They, armed, advance and pass within the town.

Great joy their mother, Dame **X**imena, showed them.

Stayed not the one on hour propitious born.

In secret with his men he talked, and thought

To send to King **A**lfonso of **C**astile:

“My noble vassal, **M**uño **G**ustioz,

Where art thou? I received thee in my court

On hour propitious. Unto **C**astile bear

The news, to King **A**lfonso. Kiss his hand

With heart and soul for me; I am his vassal

And is he lord of mine. May this disgrace

The **L**ords of **C**arrion have done to me

In heart and soul distress the noble king.

He wed my daughters, for I gave them not.

Since they in great disgrace deserted them,

If aught to our dishonor be therein,

Or great or small, 'tis all my lord's affair.

My property, whereof the sum was great,

They bore away; this well may cause me grief,

Together with the other dire disgrace.

To interview, or meeting, or to cortes

Let them be called, that I may justice gain

From **L**ords of **C**arrion, for great the wrath

Within my heart.” Swift **M**uño **G**ustioz

His steed he mounted, with the pair of knights

Who serve his will, and squires whom he hath raised.

They left **V**alencia, and marched their best.

Through day or night they never take repose.

2922 He came upon the king within Sabagun.
Castile he rules as king, he rules Leon,
And likewise o'er Asturias holds sway
Quite to San Salvador; and e'en within
The walls of Santiago, lord of all.
And do the lords Gallegan deem him llege.
That Muño Gustioz, dismounting, knelt
Before the saints; Creator he implored.
He straight the palace sought where was the court.
Two knights who hold him lord attend on him.
When they had entered 'mid the court the king
Saw Muño Gustioz and knew him straight.
The king arose and well received he them.
He knelt 'fore the king that Muño Gustioz,
That Muño Gustioz he kissed his feet:
" Grace, King Alfonso, broad lands call ye lord.
The Campeador your hands and feet doth kiss;
He is your vassal, and are you his lord.
You unto Lords of Carrion have wed
His daughters. Marriage 'twas of high degree,
For your desire it was. How do ye know
The honor that has fallen unto us —
How Lords of Carrion insulted us.
They beat the daughters of Old Campeador
In evil guise. In Corpes' oaken wood,
With great dishonor, bruised and naked, left
To wild beasts and the birds that haunt the wood.
Behold his daughters in Valencia!

2948 For this, as vassal unto lord, your hands
 He kisses; call ye them to interview,
 Or meeting, or to cortes. Doth he deem him
 Dishonored, but are ye dishonored more,
 And may it grieve ye, king, for know ye it;
 And may My Qid, 'gainst Lords of Carrion,
 Win justice." Long the king was still and thought:
 "I tell ye truth, it grieves me mightily.
 And, Muño Gustioz, here say ye truth,
 For I, unto the Lords of Carrion,
 His daughters wed. For good I compassed it,
 That unto his advantage it redound.
 Ah, would this day the marriage had not been!
 It sorely grieveth me and grieves My Qid;
 'Tis right he hath that I should bear him aid,
 Else may Creator save! Through all my realm —
 What I'd not thought to do this season's length —
 Shall go my porters, and within Toledo
 My court shall call, that counts and infanzones
 There seek me. And the Lords of Carrion
 There will I bid appear, and justice give
 My Qid the Campeador, and that there be
 No evil feeling, an I may prevent.
 Hence seven weeks, command to stand prepared
 The Campeador, on hour propitious born,
 Together with his vassals, and to seek me
 Within Toledo; this the time I give him.
 For love I bear My Qid I call this court.
 To every one my salutation bear.
 But let there 'mongst them some distinction be.

2973 From this that fell shall honor yet be theirs."

Then Muño Gustioz parting, sought My Qid.

And just as he hath said, the care was his.

Alfonso the Castilian tarried not:

Sent word to Santiago and Leon,

To Portuguese, Gallegans, and the men

Of Carrion and of Castile, how court

That honored king within Toledo held.

That after seven weeks there all should meet;

No vassal his, who came not to the court,

And all throughout his lands men thought to do

The king's bebest. Already doth it grieve

The Lords of Carrion, that doth the king

Within Toledo town his court maintain.

They fear My Qid the Campeador comes there.

They take their counsel, like the kin they are;

And beg the king release them from that court.

The king said: "That I'll not, else God defend!

For there will come My Qid the Campeador.

And unto him ye needs must justice give,

For hath he cause of anger 'gainst ye both.

Who would not do it, nor my court attend,

My kingdom let him leave, I like him not."

Now do the Lords of Carrion perceive

It needs were done. They counsel hold of each,

Like kin they are. And was the Count Garcia

In this affair; unto My Qid was he

A foe who aye was seeking ill to him.

1999 This man advised the Lords of Carrion.

The time approached, they wished to seek the court.
Among the first good King Alfonso goes,
The Count Don Anrrich, Count Don Raymond too;
The father of the Emperor good was he.
The Count Don Vella and Count Don Beltran,
And many other men of wisdom rare,
From out his realm had come; the best of all
Throughout Castile. Count Don Garcia there
Accompanied the Lords of Carrion,
Asur Gonzalez, Gonzalo Assurez,
And there are both Diego and Hernando;
And with them many men they brought to court.
They hope to harm My Qid the Campeador.
There have they met from every land; but yet
Came not the one on hour propitious born.
The king is ill content with his delay.
The fifth day came My Qid the Campeador;
And Albarfañez did he send before
To kiss upon the hands his liege the king;
And say that night he surely there would come.
The king, on hearing that, rejoiced at heart.
The king, with many, mounted steed and went
The one on hour propitious born to meet.
My Qid and all his men come well equipped,
Fair troops are they who such a lord possess.
When good King Don Alfonso saw him first

3025 My Qid the Campeador he sprang to earth,
For 'twas his wish to humble him before
His liege and render honor unto him.
When this he saw, the king delayed him not :
"How, by Saint Isidor, not so, this day!
Qid, mount your steed, else were I ill content.
We needs must greet each other heart and soul.
Your burden is to me an heartfelt grief ;
God grant, through you, the court be honored now!"
"Amen," My Qid the Campeador replied.
His hand he kissed, then salutation gave :
"Grace unto God, since I behold you, liege.
To you I bow and unto Count Don Raymond,
And Count Don Anrrich and all others here.
God save our friends, and guard you most, my liege !
My wife Ximena, noble dame is she,
And both my daughters, do they kiss your hands.
What hath befallen us, may't grieve you, liege."
The king said : "So I do, else God defend !"
Unto Toledo turned again the king.
That night My Qid the Tagus would not pass.
"How grace, king, so Creator be your guard !
Bethink you, liege, to pass within the town,
And I, with mine, will camp at San Servan.
My companies upon this night will come.
Within this holy place I'll vigil hold.
At morrow morn I'll pass within the town,
And will I seek the court ere food I take."
The king replied : "Of that I'm well content."

3053 King Don Alfonso passed within Toledo,
My Old Ruy Diaz camped in San Servan.
He bade them candles make and place upon
The altar. Wish he hath to watch within
This holy spot, in prayer and secret speech
Unto Creator. When the morn had come
Minaya and the other good men there
Were warned. They matins said and prime till dawn.
The mass was over ere the sun arose,
Their offering complete and fair they made.
“Minaya Albarfanez, thou who art
Right arm of mine, ye shall accompany me,
And Bishop Don Jerome, Pero Vermudez,
That Muñoz Gustioz as well shall go,
And Martin Antolinez, noble man
Of Burgos town, and Albar Albarez,
Martin Muñoz, at time propitious born,
And Albar Salvadorez go as well,
And Helez Muñoz too, my nephew he.
With me shall go Dal Anda, wise is he;
Galin Garcia, good man of Aragon.
With these, they fill the number of five score
From good men present; wearing gambesons,
More easily to bear the weight of arms.
Beneath, cuirasses brilliant as the sun.
And o'er cuirasses ermines and pelisses.
And, that the arms show not, well-drawn the cords.
Beneath the cloaks the trenchant swords and keen.
In such a guise I wish to seek the court,

3079. To say my say and my deserts demand.

If Lords of Carrion plan evil act,

With such an hundred shall I fearless be."

They all made answer : "Liege, 'tis thus we wish."

As he hath bidden do they all prepare.

Maught stays the one on hour propitious born.

In hose of goodly stuff his limbs he clad,

And over them shoes most ornate. A shirt

Of linen fine, as white as is the sun ;

The fastenings, with gold and silver all :

Bound fast upon the wrist, for so he bade.

Above the shirt a tunic rich he wore

Of ciclaton ; with gold 'twas wrought, and all

Appeared to be of gold. And over this

A scarlet skin, the edges are of gold ;

My Qid the Campeador he wore it aye.

A noble scarlet coif upon his hair.

And is it wrought with gold, for this 'tis made

That might the hair of good Qid Campeador

Be never cut away. His beard was long,

He bound it with a cord ; and that he did

That might he all his person keep secure

Beneath, he wore a cloak of greatest worth :

In this, all present found whereon to gaze.

With that five score he ordered to prepare,

He quickly mounts and goes from San Servan.

Thus unto court My Qid departs prepared.

He would dismount beside the outer gate.

With circumspection passed My Qid within,

With all his men, and seeks the midst of all,

3106 And round about him stand his hundred men.
When they the man on hour propitious born
Beheld arrive, good King Alfonso rose
And Count Don Anrrich, Count Don Raymond too,
And, know ye, thereupon all others rose.
With greatest honor they receive the man
On hour propitious born. But was no wish
In Crespo de Granon to rise, nor all
The party of the Lords of Carrion.
The king addressed the Quid: "Sir Campeador,
Come hither, on the seat ye gave to me.
Though some it grieve, ye better are than we."
Thereon the man who gained Valencia
Gave many thanks: "Rest thou upon thy seat
As king and liege, and here will I remain
With all of these, my men." What said the Quid
Right heartily it pleased the king. Thereon
Upon a fair-wrought seat My Quid reposed.
The hundred men who guard him stood about.
All gaze upon My Quid within the court,
Upon his beard so long and bound with cord.
He truly in his trappings seems a man!
For very shame the Lords of Carrion
Dared not regard him. Rose good King Alfonso:
"Hark me, my men, so help you the Creator!
Since I was king but twice I called my court:
In Burgos one, the other Carrion;
This third to-day I come to hold within
Toledo. For the love I bear My Quid,
The one who on propitious hour was born,

That right he have of Lords of Carrion.

We all are 'ware great wrong they bore to him.

Count Anrrich and Count Raymond judge herein,

And ye, the other counts, who join them not.

Thereto attend ye all, for are ye wise,

To find the right, for wrong I order not.

In each division be there peace this day.

And do I by Saint Isidor make oath

That whosoever shall disturb my court,

My kingdom shall he leave and lose my love.

Whose cause is just I favor. Let My Qid

The Campeador demand and shall we learn

The answer of the Lords of Carrion."

My Qid arose and kissed the royal hand:

"Great thanks I render you as king and liege,

Wherein ye called this court through love of me.

Of Lords of Carrion this thing I seek;

Not mine the shame that they my daughters left.

For did ye wed them, king, and will ye know

What thing this day to do. But when they took

My daughters from Valencia the great

I loved them well of heart and soul, and gave

Two swords to them, Colada and Gizon—

In manly guise I gained them—that they earn

Honor with them and service render you.

When they in Qorpes' oaken forest left

My daughters twain, they nothing sought of me

And lost my love. Return my swords to me,

Since are they sons-in-law of mine no more."

3159 The judges grant it: "All of this is just."
Count Don Garcia said: "We'll speak on this."
The Lords of Carrion then drew apart
With all their kin and party present there.
They soon discuss the thing and all agree:
"Still unto us Qid Campeador doth show
Great love, wherein this day he seeketh not
The payment for his daughters' shame from us.
And will we place us well with King Alfonso:
Give back his swords, since there his seeking ends.
He having them, the court will go. For more
Of us Qid Campeador shall justice gain."
Upon that word again they sought the court:
"Now, King Alfonso, grace; our liege are ye.
We may deny it not, two swords he gave us.
And since he asks for these and wishes them,
Before you here we'd give them back to him."
They drew the swords Colada and Tizon
And placed in hands of their liege lord the king.
He drew the swords, the court was lighted all.
The pommels and the quillons all were gold.
Then marvelled all the good men in the court.
He took the swords, the king's hand kissed, and turned,
And sought once more the seat from whence he rose.
He held them in his hands and gazed on both;
For might they change them; knew them well the Qid.
His body all rejoiced, and did he smile
With all his heart. He raised his hand aloft
And grasped his beard: "By this beard man ne'er plucked

3187 Avenged Dame Sol and Dame Elvira thus."

By name he called his nephew ; then he stretched
His arm and gave to him the sword Tizon.

"Take, nephew, this, for gains it better lord."

He reached and gave to Martin Antolinez,
The noble burgales, the sword Colada.

"My noble vassal, Martin Antolinez,
Colada take, from worthy lord I gained it,

'Twas from the Count Don Raymond Verengel
Of mighty Barcelona ; unto you

I give to guard it well. If chance befall,

I know with that great prize and fame were yours."

He kissed his hand, the sword accepting took ;

Right soon arose My Qid the Campeador :

"Grace to Creator and to you, liege king,

Now of my swords Colada and Tizon

I satisfaction have. Yet other cause

I have I against the Lords of Carrion.

When from Valencia my daughters twain

They led, in gold and silver gave I them

Three thousand silver marks. While this I did

They yet their deed performed. Give back my wealth,

Since they no more are sons-in-law of mine."

There had ye seen the Lords of Carrion

Complain. Count Raymond cried: "Say yes or no."

Then spake the Lords of Carrion: "We gave

Qid Campeador his swords that naught beyond

We ask of us and there the matter end.

An't please the king 'tis thus that we reply."

The king said: "Must ye meet the Qid's demands."

3214 And said the good king: "Thus do I ordain."
Spake Albarfanez: "Rise, Quid Campeador!"
"That wealth I gave return, or make account."
Then drew the Lords of Carrion apart.
Nor in their talk agree, for, great the wealth;
The Lords of Carrion have spent it all.
They this decision brought and spake their wish:
"Who gained Valencia doth press us hard.
Since wealth he seeks from us, we needs must pay
With property in lands of Carrion."
When this was shown the judges made reply:
"That do we not forbid, an't please the Quid;
But thus, upon our judgment, we command:
That here, within the court, ye payment make."
Upon these words King Don Alfonso spake:
"Quid Campeador seeks justice well we know.
Of these three thousand marks have I two hundred,
Received from those two Lords of Carrion.
Are all prepared, I wish to give them back.
Unto My Quid, on hour propitious born,
Let them be given. Since must they render them,
I wish them not." Hernan Gonzalez spake:
"No coin have we." Count Raymond then replied:
"How have ye spent the gold and silver all.
'Fore King Alfonso thus do we ordain:
That they shall pay a fair equivalent
And that the Campeador accept the same."
Now did the Lords of Carrion perceive
It must be done. We had beheld them bring

344 Fleet steeds in number, many sturdy mules,
And palfreys and full store of goodly swords
Equipped in full. My Qid accepted all
Upon their valuation in the court.
O'er that two hundred marks of Iking Alfonso
The lords paid him on hour propitious born.
Their own sufficing not, they borrowed it.
I know ye, ill served they 'scaped from this affair.
My Qid accepted these equivalents.
His men received them and will give them care.
This done, full soon to other thought they came.
"Oh, Lord King, grace, for love of charity!
The chief complaint, it may not be forgot.
Attend me all this court and grieve ye all
With my affliction. Lords of Carrion,
Who dire dishonor brought me, will I not
Permit that short of challenge they escape.
Speak, Lords, and say wherein I did ye harm,
In jest or earnest, or what way soe'er;
I'll make amends as shall the court decide.
Why stripped ye bare my heart? I gave to you
My daughters, when ye left Valencia,
With honor very high and riches great.
Dogs, traitors, since ye wished for them no more,
Why take them from Valencia their hief?
And wherefore struck ye them with girths and spurs?
Alone ye left them in the oaken wood
Of Corpes, to the wild beasts and the birds
That haunt the mountain. 'Tis yourselves that stand,
In what ye did to them, the less in worth.

3269 An ye redress me not, this court attend it."

Then rose upon his feet Count Don Garcia.

"Grace now, O king, in all of Spain the best!

There stands My Qid, announced before this court.

This beard he lets to grow and wears it long.

With wonder some are filled and some with fear.

The Lords of Carrion are such by birth,

For concubines they should not wish his daughters.

As wives and equals who had thought to give?

Deserting them they acted in their right.

We naught esteem what thing soe'er he saith."

The Campeador laid hand upon his beard.

"My thanks to God who heaven and earth commands!

'Tis long, for while it grew, 'twas cared for well.

What moves you, Count, to thus attack my beard?

For since it grew it every care received.

He'er son of woman born laid hand thereon,

Nor ever plucked it Christian's son nor Moor's,

As I did yours in Cabra's castle, Count,

When took I Cabra and you by your beard,

No boy was there but plucked a thumb's length forth,

Not yet the part I plucked hath even grown."

Hernan Gonzalez rose upon his feet.

With voice uplifted, hear the word he spake:

"Now leave ye, Qid, this talk. For are ye now

Of wealth and all content. Let quarrel not

Arise 'tween you and us. For we by birth

396 Are Counts of Carrion, 'twere ours to wed
Daughters of kings or emperors; for us
Daughters of Infanzones ne'er were meet.
And have we done the right in leaving them.
Know ye, we more, not less, esteem ourselves."
My Qid Ruy Diaz gazed on Pero Vermudez:
"Dumb Peter speak, thou ever silent man!
My daughters and your cousins-german they.
To me they speak, upon your ears it falls.
An I reply, ye may not arms assume."
Pero Vermudez then began to speak.
His speech was halting and unable he
To reason, yet, when once he had begun,
Know ye, not any rest he took therein:
"Qid, will I say to you your ways are strange;
In cortes, aye, Dumb Peter call ye me.
Ye well are 'ware that I can do no more.
Whate'er be mine to do lacks not through me.
Ye lie, Hernando, lie in all ye spake.
For great your honor, through the Campeador.
And I your evil ways will tell. Recall,
When near Valencia the great, we fought,
First blows ye begged the loyal Campeador.
Ye saw a Moor and forth to try him went,
But ere ye gained him turned about in flight.
Had I not charged the Moor, he ill had served you.
I took your place and fought against the Moor.
The blows that first I dealt him conquered him.
I gave his horse to you, and hid the thing.
Unto this day to none discovered it.

And might ye boast before My Quid and all
 That ye had slain a Moor and that ye did
 A feat of arms. They all believed it true,
 But knew they not the truth, and are ye fair
 But cowardly. Thou tongue devoid of hands,
 How dare ye talk? Hernando, speak and grant
 The justice of my words. Recall ye not
 The lion story in Valencia,
 When slept My Quid and broke the lion loose?
 And thou, Hernando, what, with fear, didst thou?
 Didst hide thyself behind the couch where slept
 My Quid the Campeador; didst hide thyself,
 Hernando, whence to-day your worth is less.
 About the couch we drew to guard our liege,
 Until awoke My Quid, the man who gained
 Valencia. He from the couch arose
 And toward the lion went. The lion bowed
 His head, and did await My Quid, and let
 Him seize his neck; he placed him in the cage.
 When turned him back the goodly Campeador,
 His vassals round about him he beheld.
 Inquiry for his sons-in-law he made,
 But neither found. For evil one and traitor
 Do I defy thy body here before
 King Don Alfonso. Daughters of the Quid,
 Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, as to them,
 In that ye left them is your worth the less,
 For they but women are and ye are men:
 In every guise their worth is more than yours.
 An't please Creator, when the fight is come,

In traitor guise ye shall acknowledge it.

I'll prove the truth of all that I have said."

Of these two now the talking came to end.

Attend the words Diego Gonzalez spake :

"By birth are we of counts of purest blood.

These marriages were all unsuitable,

Wherein we did accept as father-in-law

My Qid Don Roderick. And that we left

His daughters do we still repent us not.

While living let them sigh ! For what to them

We did they will forever be reproached ;

On this I'll fight the most courageous one,

That through deserting them we honored are."

Rose Martin Antolinez to his feet.

"Silence, ye false one, mouth that knows not truth !

Shouldst not forget the story of the lion.

Didst through the portal fly and place thyself

Within the court, didst go to hide behind

The wine-press beam, but ne'er again didst wear

Thy cloak nor tunic. Will I fight thereon,

For shall it otherwise befall. What cause

Hath made ye leave the daughters of the Qid ?

Know ye their worth is greater than your own

In every way. When ye the fight desert

Thy mouth shall say it, that ye are a traitor,

And lied in whatsoever ye have said."

Here talk about these two was brought to end.

Asur Gonzalez in the palace came,

Trailing a tunic and an ermine cloak.

All flushed he came, for had he broken fast.

3376 The little did attend whereof he spake :

“ Now, men, whoe'er such evil thing beheld?
Who'll bring us information of My Qid,
He of Bivar? Now hath he sought the stream
Of Obierna, there to drive his mills
And take his miller's dues, as was his wont?
Who led him to contract these marriages
With those of Carrion?” Then to his feet
Rose Muño Gustioz: “ Thou treacherous one,
Thou evil man and traitor, hold thy peace!
Ye breakfast ere ye pray; to those ye give
Your salutation, do ye all disgust;
Nor do ye speak the truth to friend or liege,
To all men false, and more to the Creator.
No sharing in your friendship I desire.
I'll make ye grant that are ye what I say.”
Said King Alfonso: “ Cease ye now this talk.
Those who defied shall fight, else God defend.”
Now as this talking to an end was brought,
Behold there came two knights within the court.
The one was called Oiarra, and the other
Ynego Ximenez. And the one,
The Infant of Navarre, and was the other
Infant of Aragon. And did they kiss
King Don Alfonso's hands, and did they ask
His daughters of My Qid the Campeador
For queens of Aragon and of Navarre,
That be they honorably given them,

3401 And blessed. And thereupon the court was still.
All harkened. Rose My Qid the Campeador :
" Grace, King Alfonso, are ye liege of mine !
For this I render the Creator thanks,
Since from Navarre and Aragon they ask
My daughters. You before in marriage gave,
For 'twas not I. Behold, my daughters are
Within your hands. And lest you bid me so,
I naught will do." The king arose ; he bade
The court be silent : " I desire you, Qid,
Most worthy Campeador, that you be pleased,
And I will grant it, that this wedding be
Within this court accomplished on this day.
Thereon your honor grows and lands and fief."
My Qid arose ; the king's hands did he kiss :
" Since that is your desire, I yield it, liege."
Then said the king : " God give ye guerdon thence !
Oiarra, and you, Vneco Ximenez,
This marriage do I grant it unto you :
The ladies Dame Elvira and Dame Sol,
The daughters of My Qid, unto the Lords
Of Aragon and of Navarre be given
To you in blessed wedlock honorable."
Oiarra rose with Vneco Ximenez.
King Don Alfonso's hands they kissed, and then
My Qid the Campeador's. They pledged their faith,
The oaths are given, that as thus 'twas said
It so befall, or better e'en than that.

3427 Of all that court it many satisfied,
But did it not the Lords of Carrion.
Minaya Albarfañez rose: "I beg
Your grace, as king and liege, and may this not
Gid Campeador displease. Full leisure I
Have given unto you through all this court.
Now would I tell you something of my own."
The king replied: "Right glad am I thereof.
Minaya, speak what thing soe'er thou wish."
"I pray you that you hear me all the court;
For high is my resentment 'gainst the Lords
Of Carrion. My cousins gave I them,
By King Alfonso's order. They received them
With blessing and with honor. Great the wealth
My Gid the Campeador on them bestowed.
And have they, to our grief, deserted them.
As evil men and traitors I defy
Their bodies. They by nature are of those
Of Vanigomez, whence came counts of worth
And valor; but full well we know their ways!
For this I thank Creator, since the Lords
Of Aragon and of Navarre demand
Dame Sol and Dame Elvira, cousins mine.
Ere this ye deemed them equals to be held
Within your arms, but now their hands ye'll kiss,
And needs must call them ladies, and must serve them,
Though it be grievous unto ye. My thanks
To God in heaven, and that King Don Alfonso,

3453 My Qid the Campeador in honor thus

Increaseth! Such a man as I have named,
In every guise ye are. If one there be
To answer make or to deny the thing,
I, Albarfñez, am in all his better."

Gomez Pelayet thereupon arose :

"Of what avail, Minaya, all this talk ?

For in this court are quite enough for you :

Whoso would else desire 'twould be his death.

God will, an forth from this unscathed we come,

Ye after shall perceive ye spake not truth."

The king : "How cease the talking. None thereon

Another word address. At morrow morn,

When cometh forth the sun, be then the fight

Between these three 'gainst three in court defied."

Then soon outspake the Lords of Carrion :

"King, grant us time, it may not be to-morrow ;

For those who service bear the Campeador

Have arms and horses, needs we first must go

To lands of Carrion." The king addressed

The Campeador : "Wherever you ordain,

Be there the fight." Thereon My Qid replied :

"I will not so, my liege, for I esteem

Valencia more than lands of Carrion."

And thereupon the king an answer made :

"Content ye, Campeador, and give to me

Your knights and all equipments ; leave with me,

And I will guardian be. I guarantee it,

As vassal good to liege ; they'll ne'er be harmed

By count nor infanzon. Thereon within

3480 My court a time I set : at three weeks hence,
Let them engage before me, on the plains
Of Carrion, and whoso fail to come
Upon the time agreed this cause shall lose
And thence as conquered and a traitor go.
That judgment took the Lords of Carrion.
My Quid the king's hands kissed and said : " My liege;
It pleaseth me. These three knights mine are now
Within your hands. I hence commend them you,
As king and liege ; to do their part prepared.
For love of the Creator send them back
To me with honor in Valencia."
Thereon replied the king : " God so ordain !"
His headgear then Quid Campeador removed,—
The linen coif was white as sun,— his beard
He freed, its cord he loosened. All in court
With look that never tired did gaze on him.
Straightway to him the Count Don Anrrich came,
And Count Don Raymond. Well embraced he them,
And begged them heartily that from his wealth
They take whate'er they would. Both these and others
Amongst the fitting ones, he begged them all
To take as they desired. Now some there were
Who took thereof, but others who took naught.
The twice an hundred marks he left the king ;
And of the rest the king took what he pleased.
" For love of the Creator, king, I beg
Your grace ! Since all these things are now arranged,
With your good grace, liege, do I kiss your hands,
And would I seek Valencia. I gained

The place with toil." Then raised his hand the king,
 And on his face the sign of cross he made.
 "Now, by Saint Isidor, he of Leon,
 I swear, no man so good in all my lands!"
 Straight forward rode My Qid upon his horse.
 His liege Alfonso's hand he went to kiss:
 "Ye bade me stir my steed, fleet Babieca.
 'Mongst Moors or Christians lives there not his like.
 To you as present do I give him, liege.
 Bid them to take him." Then the king replied:
 "This like I not. An took I him from you,
 The steed would not so good a lord possess.
 Such steed for such as you were fit to rout,
 And chase the Moors afield. What man from you
 Would take him may Creator guard him not,
 For by yourself and steed we honored are."
 Then took they leave, and soon the court dissolved.
 The Campeador full well instructed those
 Who were to fight: "Now, Martin Antolinez,
 And you, Pero Vermudez, Muño Gustioz,
 Be firm upon the field in manly guise.
 Let good word reach me in Valencia
 Concerning you." Said Martin Antolinez:
 "Liege, wherefore speak ye so? We undertook
 This task, and will it be by us fulfilled.
 Of dead men may ye hear, but conquered, no!"
 Thereat the one on hour propitious born
 Rejoiced and leave he took of all his friends.
 My Qid betook him toward Valencia,
 The king to Carrion. But now complete

The three weeks set. Behold the ones who serve

The Campeador at time allotted come.

They wish to fill the trust their liege hath set.

In power of King Alfonso of Leon

They stand. Upon the Lords of Carrion

Two days they waited. Well equipped they come,

Of steeds and trappings, all their kin with them,

In hope that those who serve the Campeador

They might decoy apart and on the field

Might slay them, for dishonor to their lord.

The scheme was ill, but fell there naught beyond,

For much they feared Alfonso of Leon.

They watched their arms by night and prayed Creator.

The night has passed, already breaks the dawn.

There gathered many goodly men and rich

This fight to see, for pleased they were thereof.

And more than all the rest, King Don Alfonso

To seek the right and not permit the wrong.

The men who service bear the Campeador

Now don their arms and all the three accord,

For theirs a single liege. On other spot,

The Lords of Carrion equip themselves.

The Count Garciordoñez counselled them.

They make a plea and told the King Alfonso:

That in the battle might not bear a part,

And those who serve the Campeador use not,

The trenchant blades Colada and Gizon.

The lords repented sore they gave them up.

They told the king, but would he grant it not:

“When held we court ye did not any take.

3560 And if ye good ones have they'll serve ye well.

And 'twere the same for those who service bear
The Campeador. Rise, Lords of Carrion,
And forth to field. It doth behoove that ye
In manner of brave men shall bear the fight,
For naught will lack who serve the Campeador.
Great honor yours, if well ye leave the field,
And be ye vanquished, make us no complaint,
For all men know 'twas ye who sought the thing.
Regretful go the Lords of Carrion.

They do repent them of the deed they did,
For all in Carrion they had not done it.
The three who serve the Campeador are armed.
King Don Alfonso went to look on them.

Thus spake the men who serve the Campeador :

"As unto king and liege we kiss your hands,

That ye to-day be judge 'tween them and us.

Lend us your aid in justice, not in wrong.

The Lords of Carrion have here their friends.

We know not what they plan or do not plan.

Unto your charge our liege confided us ;

For love of the Creator guard our right."

Thereon the king replied : "With heart and soul."

They lead to them the goodly steeds, and swift

Upon their saddles sign of cross they made

And boldly mount their steeds ; they wear their shields

Upon their necks, and bossed right well are they.

3585 Grasp keen-tipped shafts; these lances three have each
A pennant; round them many worthy men.
The field where stood the boundaries now they sought.
All three who serve the Campeador agreed
That each of them should well assail his foe.
Behold, upon the other hand the Lords
Of Carrion, full well accompanied,
For great the number of their relatives.
The king appointed judges to decide
The righteous cause, nor any wrong uphold,
That no discussion should between them rise
This way or that. King Don Alfonso spake,
From where on field he stood: "Attend my words,
Ye Lords of Carrion. Ye wished it not,
Else had ye held this fight within Toledo.
These three knights of my Quid the Campeador
I safely brought to lands of Carrion.
Maintain your right, but seek ye nought of wrong,
For who would do a wrong, in evil guise,
Will I prevent him; through my realm's extent
No rest for him." The Lords of Carrion
Are filled with grief. The king and judges marked
The boundaries. All others left the field.
All six they fully told, that whoso pass
Outside the boundary was vanquished there.
All those about withdrew, and did they stay
Six lances' lengths beyond the boundary.
The field by lot is chosen and they place them
Where falls the sunlight fairly. From their midst
The judges go and face to face they stand.

3612 Then 'gainst the Lords of Carrion advanced
My Quid's men, and the Lords of Carrion
'Gainst those who serve the Campeador, and each
Attends his foe. Before their hearts they hold
Their shields and lances decked with pennons all;
O'er saddle=bows they bow their faces low.
With spurs they strike their steeds; the very earth
Appeared to quake beneath their onward rush;
And closely each his enemy regards.
Now all the three with three have joined their fight.
Those round prepared to see them fall in death.
Pero Vermudez, he who first defied,
Straight facing, with Hernan Gonzalez closed.
Each fearless struck their shields. Hernan Gonzalez
Pero Vermudez' shield transfixed; he struck
On naught, nor reached the flesh; the lance's shaft
At two points brake. Pero Vermudez stood
Right firmly, was he not thereby disturbed.
A blow he took, but other blow he dealt.
The boss upon the shield he burst apart,
And hurled aside. Completely did he pierce it,
And naught availed. Through breast he drove the lance,
For naught protected. Herdinand was clad
In thrice thick cuirass, and it lent him aid.
Two broke, but held the third. The gambeson,
Together with the shirt and garniture,
Within the flesh he drove a hand in depth.
Whereon the blood came gushing from his mouth.

3639 Then brake his horse's girths, nor one that held.
To earth he bore him o'er the horse's croup.
The people deem him stricken unto death.
He flung the lance aside and grasped his sword.
When that Hernan Gonzalez saw, he knew
Gizon, nor stayed to feel the blow, but cried :
"I vanquished am!" The judges yield it him.
Pero Vermudez left him. Then with lance
Diego Gonzalez and Martin Antolinez
Each other struck. Such blows the lances brake.
Then Martin Antolinez grasped his sword,
So clean and bright it lighted all the field.
A blow he dealt, aslant it fell upon him.
And from his head he hurled the helm aside ;
The fastenings of the helmet all he cut,
And bore away the hood and reached the coif.
Both coif and hood he bore away, and cut
The hair upon his head and reached the flesh.
Part fell to earth; the rest remained upon him.
This blow by fair Colada dealt, perceived
Diego Gonzalez he'd not 'scape alive.
He pulled the reins to turn his horse's face.
Then Martin Antolinez did receive him
With sword. A blow with flat against him aimed ;
The edge attained him not. Diego Gonzalez
Held sword within his hand, but tried it not.

364 Thereon the lord his voice upraised and cried :

“ Now aid me, glorious God ! Protect me, Sire,
Against this sword ! ” He reined his steed aside
To fly the blade, and from the bounds escaped.
Stayed Martin Antolinez on the field.

Then said the king : “ Come join my company ;
Your deed this battle won. ” The judges grant
That truth he spake. They have o’ercome the two.

Now will I tell how *Muño Gustioz*

Made with *Assur Gonzalez* settlement :

Great blows they dealt upon each other’s shields.

Assur Gonzalez, strong and valorous,

Bath struck the shield of *Muño Gustioz*,

Bath pierced the shield and through the trappings torn.

Wild flew the lance, for touched it not the flesh.

That blow accomplished, *Muño Gustioz*

Another dealt ; it shield and trappings pierced.

The buckle of the shield at midst it brake.

The trappings yielded, nor defense could make.

Aside he took it, for his heart it failed.

He plunged the lance and pennon in his flesh,

And drove an arm’s length out the other side.

Dire shock he gave him, on his saddle dazed.

The lance drawn forth, to earth he hurled it down.

The shaft, both lance and pennon, red came forth.

All present deemed him wounded unto death.

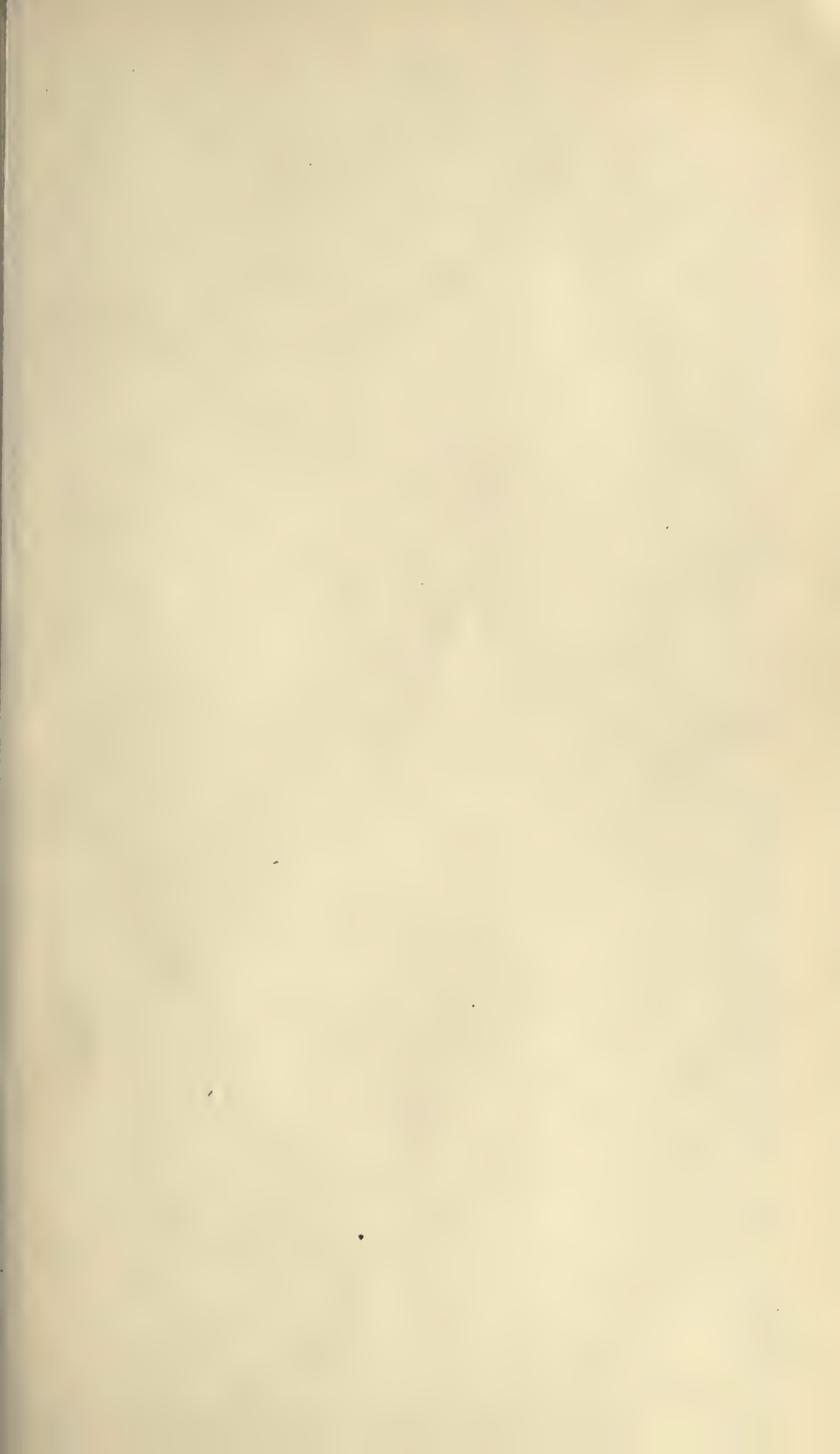
The lance he lowered, standing over him.

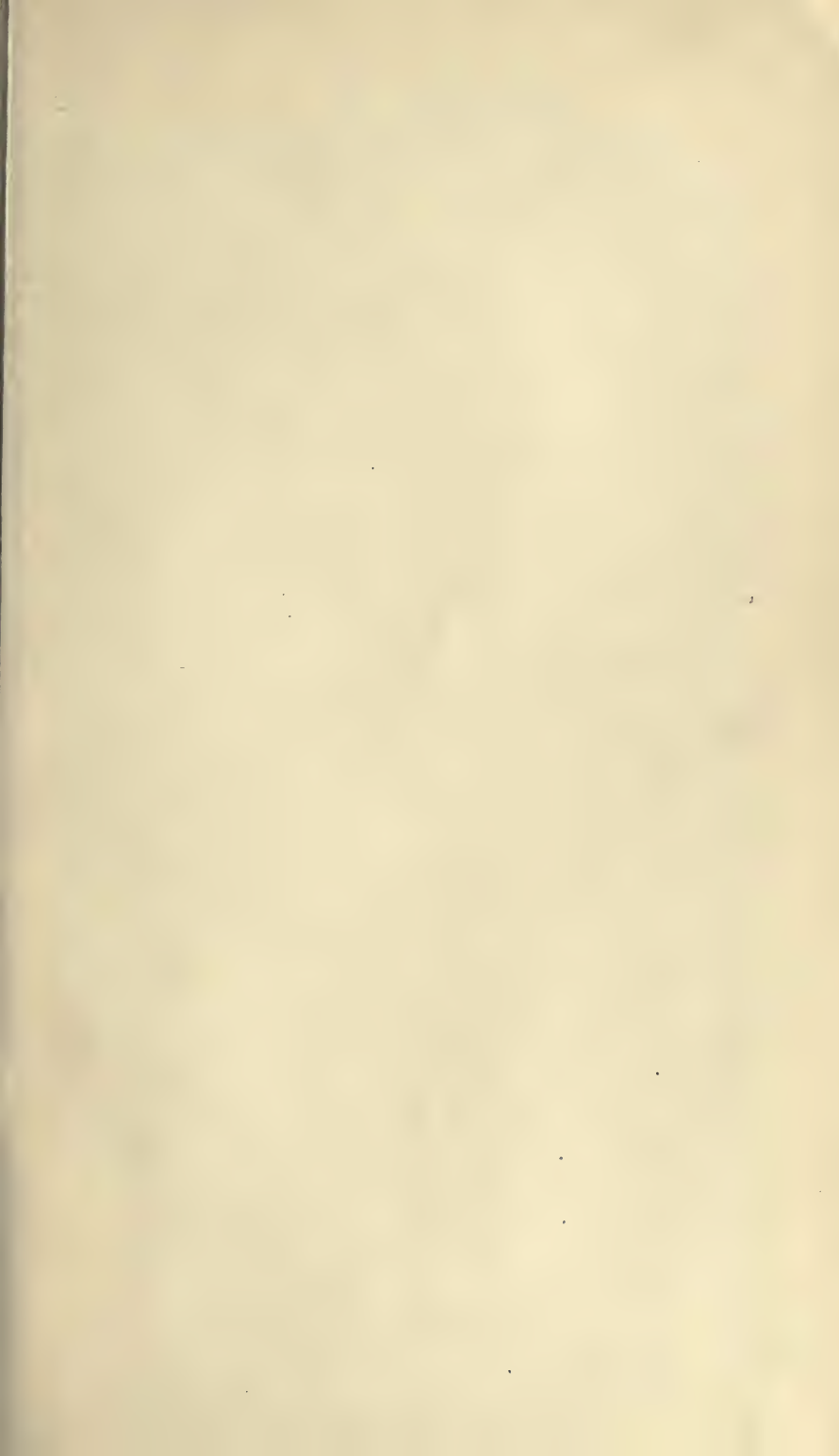
360 Gonzalo Assurez cried: "For God, strike not!
The field is won." This done, the judges spake:
"We understand it thus." Good King Alfonso
Bade clear the field. He took the arms they left.
Who serve the Campeador with honor go.
Now, by Creator's grace, this fight they won.
Dire sorrow weighs the lands of Carrion.
By night the king My Qid's attendants sent,
That none attack, nor filled with fear they go.
In manner shrewd by night and day they march.
Together with My Qid the Campeador,
Behold them in Valencia! They left
As evil men the Lords of Carrion.
The task their lord hath set they have fulfilled.
Rejoiced thereof My Qid the Campeador.
The Lords of Carrion's disgrace is deep.
Who treateth ill sweet woman and deserts,
May like befall, or e'en a fate more dire!
This question of the Lords of Carrion
Now let us leave; of what they earned they grieve.
But speak of him on hour propitious born.
High joy is in Valencia the great,
Because the men who serve the Campeador
Such high degree of honor have attained.
Their lord Ruy Diaz grasped his beard: "Be praised

3724 The King of Heaven, my daughters are avenged —
freed now of heritage in Carrion!
I will in marriage give them, free of shame,
Be that to some a pleasing thing or no.”
The ones of Aragon and of Navarre
Their question urged; Alfonso of Leon
In talk they held; their weddings thereupon
With Dame Elvira and Dame Sol arranged.
The first were great, these weddings better far;
The Quid hath wed them higher than before.
Behold, to him on hour propitious born
What honor falls! His daughters have become
The queens of Aragon and of Navarre;
His relatives to-day are kings of Spain.
To him on hour propitious born hath come
In all things honor. From this age he passed
Upon Cinquesma day. Christ pardon him!
And grant us pardon, just and sinners all!
These are the tales related of My Quid
The Campeador; and here the story ends.
God grant who wrote it Paradise, amen!
The abbot Peter was the man who wrote it
In month of May, and fashioned was the tale
In era of twelve hundred forty-five.
Now if ye have not money give us wine.

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